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WALKS IN A FOREST:

OR,

POEMS

DESCRIPTIVE OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS CHARACTERISTIC OF

A FOREST,

AT DIFFERENT SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

BY THOMAS GISBORNE, M. A.

THE FIFTH EDITION, CORRECTED.

Poeticæ propositum aut duplex, aut ex duobus alterum, ılgo ſtatuitur; nimirum aut Prodeſſe, aut Delectare, aut etiam trumque. Mallem equidem Utilitatem ſolummodo, quaſi ltimum ejus finem, ſtatuiſſent; Delectationem vero, quaſi ationem & viam, per quam ad iſtum finem unice perveniret: a ut judicaretur Prodeſſe Delectando.

LOWTH, De Sacrâ Poeſi Hebræorum.

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TO THE

Rev. WILLIAM MASON,

OF ASTON, YORKSHIRE,

THE FOLLOWING

P O E M S

ARE INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED AND

AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE ſcenes and incidents noticed in the ſubſequent Poems are ſuch, with ſome exceptions, introduced by way of contraſt, as occur in the Foreſts of Great Britain. The Author has endeavoured to delineate them with ſuch a degree of particularity as might mark the characteriſtic features of each; and to avoid on the one hand florid and indeterminate deſcription, and on the other, that minuteneſs of detail which would be ſcarcely intelligible to perſons not accuſtomed ſtudiouſly to examine the face of nature, and might prove tedious even to accurate obſervers. He has alſo had in view another object which he willingly avows; namely, to inculcate, on every fit occaſion, thoſe moral

truths, which the contemplation of the works of God in the natural world ſuggeſts, and that reverence and love for the great Creator which it is adapted to inſpire. He truſts therefore that, not only when occupied in a profeſſed enquiry into human duties, but alſo when engaged in compoſing the following pages, he has been employed in his proper vocation. And he would gladly hope that the preſent performance may tend to infuſe into the minds of perſons who delight in natural ſcenery, and eſpecially of the young, thoſe momentous principles, the influence of which, whether he ſolicits attention in proſe or in verſe, he is chiefly anxious to promote.

Yoxall Lodge,
December 2, 1795.

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ERRATA.

Page 11 line 9 dele the comma after " combined"
12 — 10 for " protentous" read " portentous"
39 — 3 for " primæval" read " primeval"
46 — 23 for " battle" read beetle"
47 — 4 for " withering" read " whirring"
92 — laſt, put a colon after " eve"
95 — for " preſentcd" read " preſented"
101 — 16 inſtead of a period put a colon after " ſnows"

WALK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

An ancient Poet's Compariſon of the ſuppoſed Non-exiſtence of Man after Death with the vernal Revival of the Vegetable World—The Leſſon which ought to have been deduced from that Revival—Appearance of a Foreſt in May—Foreſt Trees—The Angler—Foreſt Flowers—Analogy between the Diverſity of Vegetable Productions and the Diverſity of Human Talents—Foreſt Birds—Addreſs to Parents—Deer—Cattle from the Highlands of Scotland, and their attendant Herdſman—Benefits of the Union of England and Scotland—The Herdſman's Hiſtory—Fall of Timber—Charcoal-burners—Nature provides for the Succeſſion of Trees—Comparative Freedom of Foreſt Trees, and of Trees taken under the more immediate Control of Man—This Subject illuſtrated by a Compariſon between the State of the People of Great Britain and that of the Hindoos—Duty of the former towards the latter.

WALKS IN A FOREST.

WALK THE FIRST.

SPRING.

" The meaneſt * herb we trample in the field,
" Or in the garden nurture, when its leaf
" In Autumn dies, forebodes another Spring,
" And from ſhort ſlumber wakes to life again.
" Man wakes no more! Man, peerleſs, valiant, wiſe,
" Once chill'd by death, ſleeps hopeleſs in the duſt,
" A long, unbroken, never-ending ſleep!"

---

* Αι, αι, ται μαλακαι μεν επαν καλα καπον ολωνται,
Η τα χλωρα σελινα, το τ' ευθαλες ὑλον ανηθον,
Υστερον αυ ζωοντι, και εις ετος αλλο φυοντι.
Ἀμμες δ' οι μεγαλοι, και καρτεροι, η σοφοι ανδρες,
Οπποτε περτα θανωμες, ανακοοι εν χθονι κοιλᾳ
Ευδομες συ μακα μακρον, ἀλερμονα, νηγρετον υπνον.
MOSCHUS, in Epitaph. BION.

Such was thy plaint, untutor'd bard, when May,
As now, the lawns reviv'd! 'Twas thine to rove
Darkling, ere yet * from Death's reluctant ſhade,
In cloudleſs majeſty, the Son of God
Sprang glorious; while Hell's Ruler, he who late,
With frantic ſcoffs of triumph, to his powers
Pointed the ſad proceſſion as it moved
From Calvary to the yet uncloſed tomb,
Saw the grave yield its Conqueror; and aghaſt,
Shunn'd, in the deepeſt midnight of his realms,
The wrath of earth's and heaven's Almighty Lord.
Said the deſponding lay, "Man wakes no more!"
O blind! who read'ſt not in the teeming ſoil,
The freſhening meadow, and the burſting wood,
A nobler leſſon!—He, who ſpake the word,
And the ſun roſe from Chaos, while the abyſs
From the new fires with ſhuddering ſurge recoil'd;
He, at whoſe voice the moon's nocturnal beam,
And ſtarry legions, on the admiring earth
Rain'd luſtre; He, whoſe providence the change
Of day and night and ſeaſons crown'd with food

* Moſchus flouriſhed about two hundred years before the Chriſtian æra.

And health and peace proclaim'd; bade Nature's hand
Point to the ſcenes of dim futurity.
He on a world, in Gentile darkneſs loſt,
Pitying look'd down: He to bewilder'd man
Bade Spring, with annual admonition, hold
Her emblematic taper; not with light
Potent each ſhade of doubt and fear to chaſe,
Yet friendly through the gloom to guide his way,
'Till the dawn crimſon'd, and the impatient Eaſt,
Shouting for joy, the Day-ſtar's advent hail'd.
That ſtar has riſen, and with a glow that ſhames
The ſun's meridian ſplendor, has illumed
The diſtant wonders of eternity.
Yet may this ſylvan wild, from winter's graſp
Now reſcued, bid the ſoul, on loftieſt hopes
Muſing elate, anticipate the hour *
When, at the Archangel's voice, the ſlumbering duſt
Shall wake, nor earth nor ſea withhold her dead:

* "Vide quàm in ſolatium noſtri reſurrectionem futuram omnis natura meditetur. Sol demergit & naſcitur; aſtra labuntur & redeunt; flores occidunt & reviviſcunt; poſt ſenium arbuſta frondeſcunt; ſemina non niſi corrupta revireſcunt. Ita corpus in ſæculo, ut arbores in hiberno occultant virorem ariditate mentitâ. Quid feſtinas ut crudâ adhuc hyeme reviviſcat & redeat? Expectandum nobis etiàm corporis ver eſt."—MINUCIUS FELIX.

When ſtarting at the craſh of burſting tombs,
Of mauſoleums rent, and pyramids
Heaved from their baſe, the tyrant of the grave,
Propt on his broken ſceptre, while the crown
Falls from his head, beholds his priſon-houſe
Emptied of all its habitants; beholds
Mortal in immortality abſorb'd,
Corruptible in incorruption loſt.

How ſwells the enraptured boſom, while the eye
Wanders unſated with delight from ſhade
To ſhade, from grove to thicket, from near groups
To yon primeval woods with darkening ſweep
Retiring; and with beauty ſees the whole
Kindle; and glow with renovated life!
For now, at Spring's reanimating call,
Each native of the foreſt, from the trunk
Towering and huge down to the tangled buſh,
Its own peculiar character reſumes.
Chief of the ſylvan realms, its verdant wreath
With tender olive ſtain'd the oak protrudes,
Proud of a ſhelter'd monarch, proud to lend
A chaplet ſtill to Britiſh loyalty.
Even yet with ruddy ſpoils from autumn won
Loaded, the beech its lengthen'd buds untwines.
Its knotted bloom ſecured, the aſh puts forth

The winged leaf: the hawthorn wraps its boughs
In ſnowy mantle: from the vivid greens
That ſhine around, the holly, winter's pride,
Recedes abaſh'd: the willow, in yon vale,
Its ſilver lining to the breeze upturns;
And ruſtling aſpens ſhiver by the brook;
While the unſullied ſtream, from April ſhowers
Refined, each ſparkling pebble ſhews that decks
The bottom: and each ſcaly habitant
Quick glancing in the ſhallows, or in queſt
Of plunder ſlowly ſailing in the deep.
There oft at eve, by ſhadowing alders veil'd
From keen-eyed trouts, fix'd where the ſable flood
Mantled with foam, with twiſted roots o'erhung,
Portends a giant prey, the angler drops
His fly in quivering circles on the pool
Fluttering with mimic wings; then, while his hand
Trembles with hope, beholds, ill-omen'd ſight,
That tells of dire misfortune! fractured lines
Dependent, or in complicated folds
Linking the tangled boughs that ſweep the ſtream,
And riſe and fall with every paſſing wave.
Beneath the ſylvan canopy, the ground
Glitters with flowery dyes: the primroſe, firſt
In moſſy dell returning Spring to greet:

Pilewort, that o'er her roots of old renown
Expands the radiance of her ſtarry bloom:
Arum, that in a mantling hood conceals
Her ſanguine club, and ſpreads her ſpotted leaf
Arm'd with keen tortures for the unwary tongue:
Anemone *, now robed in virgin white,
Now bluſhing with faint crimſon: fraudful ſpurge †,
That ſeeks in beauty's garb her ſnares to hide,
In milky ſtream her poiſon veils, her ſtem
In ruddy mantle wraps, and from a zone
Of duſky foliage elevates more bright
Her creſt of gold: ſorrel ‡, that hangs her cups,
Ere their frail form and ſtreaky veins decay,
O'er her pale verdure, till parental care
Inclines the ſhortening ſtems, and to the ſhade
Of cloſing leaves her infant race withdraws:
Orchis § with crowded pyramids the bank

* Wood anemone. Anemone nemoroſa Linn.

† Wood ſpurge. Euphorbia amygdaloides Linn.

‡ Wood ſorrel. Oxalis acetoſa Linn. This plant, as ſoon as its petals have fallen off, thruſts its ſeed-veſſels, with a motion in appearance almoſt voluntary, under the contiguous leaves; the foot-ſtalk, which till then had been ſtraight, bending itſelf back in a ſharp angle, and thus bringing down its charge to the ſhelter provided by nature.

§ Orchis maſcula Linn. Wood orchis.

Purpling: the harebell, as with grief depreſt,
Bowing her fragrance: and the ſcentleſs plant *,
That with the violet's borrow'd form and hue
The unſkilful wanderer in the ſhade deceives.
In ſize, in form, in texture, and in uſe,
How various are the tribes whoſe verdure warms
And decorates the earth! Some from the wild
Untrack'd by foot of man, from mountain glens,
And rifted precipices ſtarting, urge
Aloft their tapering boles and knotted ſtrength,
Deſtined with fleets to ſpread the main, or build
Engines, whoſe ponderous and convulſive ſtrokes
Thundering ſhall rock the ground. With penſile boughs
Some droop o'er willowy ſtreams, and yield their growth
For humbler ſervice. Some in graſſy pile
And flowery broidure clad, with fragrance cheer,
With food ſuſtain, the animated world.
Yet all one forming hand, one ſource ſupreme,
Own mid diſtinctions infinite, one Lord,
Boundleſs in might, in wiſdom, and in love;
And as his eye with vivifying beam
Smiles, or the golden flood of life withdraws,

* Dog's violet. Viola canina Linn.

Flouriſh or fade. Plans of concordant aim
Speak the ſame Author. Mark the varied dower
Of talents given to men. Theſe trace the laws
That bind the planet to its orb, and heave
The billowy tide. The helm of empire thoſe
Rule, in the ſtorm ſerene; or poiſe the ſcales
Of juſtice; or when mad ambition ſcoffs
The ſacred league, nor recks the landmark, hurl
The long-ſuſpended thunderbolt of war.
Some in tranſlucent narrative recall
Paſt ages, or in viſionary ſong
Heroic worth pourtray. Inventive, ſome
Call art the paths of life with needful aid
To ſmooth, or grace with ornament. Some ply
The ſpade and ploughſhare, ſkilful to foreknow
What beſt each ſoil may yield. Vain of his powers,
Thee, the great Giver, thee, Parent of good,
Man overlooks or ſcorns. Thy ſeveral gifts,
Harmonious though diſſimilar, all conſpire
To ſwell the ſum of general bliſs, all work
Thy glory; all well pleaſing in thy ſight,
Who bad'ſt the children of the duſt perform
Each his peculiar office, and combin'd
In one vaſt family with fraternal love,
Lend mutual aid, and praiſe their common God.

While thus the impriſon'd leaves and waking flowers
Burſt from their tombs, the birds that lurk'd unſeen
Amid the hybernal ſhade, in buſy tribes
Pour their forgotten multitudes, and catch
New life, new rapture, from the ſmile of Spring.
The oak's dark canopy, the moſs-grown thorns,
Flutter with hurried pinions, and reſound
With notes that ſuit a foreſt; ſome perchance,
Rude ſingly, yet with ſweeter notes combin'd,
In uniſon harmonious; notes that ſpeak,
In language vocal to the liſtening wood,
The fears and hopes, the griefs and joys, that heave
The feather'd breaſt. Proud of cœrulean ſtains
From heaven's unſullied arch purloin'd, the jay
Screams hoarſe. With ſhrill and oft-repeated cry,
Her angular courſe, alternate riſe and fall,
The woodpecker prolongs; then to the trunk
Cloſe clinging, with unwearied beak aſſails
The hollow bark; through every cell the ſtrokes
Roll the dire echoes that from wintry ſleep
Awake her inſect prey; the alarmed tribes
Start from each chink that bores the mouldering ſtem:
Their ſcatter'd flight with lengthening tongue the foe
Purſues; joy gliſtens on her verdant plumes,
And brighter ſcarlet ſparkles on her creſt.
From bough to bough the reſtleſs magpie roves,

And chatters as ſhe flies. In ſober brown
Dreſt, but with nature's tendereſt pencil touch'd,
The wryneck her monotonous complaint
Continues; harbinger * of her who, doom'd
Never the ſympathetic joy to know
That warms the mother cowering o'er her young,
A ſtranger robs, and to that ſtranger's love
Her egg commits unnatural: the nurſe,
Unwitting of the change, her neſtling feeds
With toil augmented; its protentous throat
Wondering ſhe views with ceaſeleſs hunger gape,
Starts at the glare of its capacious eyes,
Its giant bulk, and wings of hues unknown.
Meanwhile the little ſongſters, prompt to cheer
Their mates cloſe brooding in the brake below,
Strain their ſhrill throats; or, with parental care,
From twig to twig their timid offspring lead;
Teach them to ſeize the unwary gnat, to poiſe
Their pinions, in ſhort flights their ſtrength to prove,
And venturous truſt the boſom of the air.

* The Welſh conſider this bird as the forerunner or ſervant of the cuckoo, and call it gwâs y gog, or the cuckoo's attendant. The Swedes regard it in the ſame light. Pennant's Brit. Zool. 4th edit. vol. i. p. 238. In the midland counties of England, the common people call it the cuckoo's maiden.

O ye! whoſe knees a youthful progeny climbs,
While mirth, the fruit of innocence and love,
Dimples their cheeks, and ſhuts their laughing eyes,
Think on your charge! Faſt as the expanding mind
Imbibes the leſſon, from her fount above
Bid Truth in ampler ſtream infuſe her lore.
Leave not, in vernal dawn when life invokes
Your culturing hand, the vacant field a prey
To weeds quick ſprouting: plant with earlieſt care
The ſeeds you moſt deſire ſhould fill the ſoil:
And nurſe, with zeal proportion'd to its worth,
Each riſing produce. Teach your infant race,
That 'tis not theirs, like ſongſters of the grove,
Born but to ſport and flutter for a day,
To dote on vain and tranſitory joys.
Teach them the harder nobler taſk decreed
To prove the ſons of Adam. Teach them love
Supreme of God, and, next to God, of man.
Teach them 'tis theirs, in arduous conflict ranged
'Gainſt Sin and Powers of Darkneſs, to make known
Their firm allegiance to the King of Kings.
Teach them, though weak, to triumph in the ſtrength
Omnipotence, ſpectator of the war,
At ſupplication's cry delights to yield
The faithful combatant; while Heaven ſpreads wide

Her glories, and diſplays the victor's crown,
A crown eternal; and beneath, Hell yawns
Inſatiate, thunders through each quivering gulf,
And heaves her floods of ever-during fire.

Nor want theſe lawns that terminate the woods
Their tenants. O'er the gorſe the ſportive deer
Vault with elaſtic bound, and ſweep the plain
In mock purſuit. Pour'd from the neighbouring farms,
O'er their new realms, with broad inquiring gaze,
The wide-ſpread cattle ſtray. Behold yon herd
Dragging, as worn with toil, the heavy ſtep,
Or ſtretch'd innumerous in recumbent eaſe:
Mark the unguarded front, the ſlender limb,
The tawny ear, the ſable-veſted ſide.
From Scotian hills they come. There were they wont
To pick from rocky chinks the blade, and crop
The ſapleſs twigs of heath; there, ſchool'd in arts
Taught by neceſſity, with docile feet
Uplifted and again deſcending quick,
The ſtubborn furze they bruiſed, and of its arms,
Pungent in vain, deſpoil'd their wintry fare:
Or in the ſtormy Hebrides forlorn,
Ruſh'd duly from the moor, ſcenting afar *

* See Pennant's Voyage to the Hebrides, 4to. 1774, p. 308; and Lightfoot's Flora Scotica, vol. ii. p. 906.

The ebbing tide; and prowling on the ſand,
And o'er the ſlippery ſtones, with weeds marine
And ocean's refuſe famine's rage repell'd.
Now to gay ſuns and fields of plenty brought,
Their driver quits them; he who, deck'd in plaid
And plumed bonnet, had their ſteps purſued,
While flocking children gaz'd and wonder'd loud,
All the long tedious march; and ſtill, when ſhowers
Beat ſleety, round his limbs regardleſs wrapt
His chequer'd covering; and when croſs the road
A bright rill hurried, from the knapſack drew
His bowl and oaten flour, and frugal mix'd
The food delicious to his palate braced
By labour, and by luxury unpall'd.
How bleſt thy counſels, Policy, inſpir'd
By Wiſdom, Juſtice, Mercy! At thy nod,
Contiguous kingdoms, once by rival aims
And ſavage feuds disjoin'd, and mutual wrong,
Like kindred drops of living ſilver blend
In one congenial maſs. Their bordering plains
No more with piles of ſlaughter'd warriors heap'd,
Invaders and invaded, nor illum'd
By midnight gleams from hamlets waked by ſhout
Of dire incurſion ſpreading flames and death,
Smile grateful. Mouldering on its craggy baſe,

Its uſeleſs towers unviſited by man,
Years of alarm, of conflict, and of woe
The caſtellated manſion ſcarce records.
O'er the rude ſtorms that vex'd a jarring iſle
Her veil Oblivion draws: reſentment, hate,
In ſilence with the buried warrior ſleep.
Hence with a ſiſter's love, her wealth, her arts,
Albion to Thule's utmoſt beach, to ſeas
That round Hebridian cliffs rebellow, yields
Unſparing. Hence yon herdſman, he whoſe ſires
Trod not on Engliſh ground but fire and blood
And rapine mark'd their ſteps, from Thule's beach
And Hebrid cliffs the pledge of concord bears,
And pours o'er Mercian * vales the annual joy.
Far other toils his early youth engag'd,
When with unequal hands the huge clymore †

* The ancient kingdom of Mercia comprehended ſeventeen of the middle counties of England.

† The great two-handed broad-ſword of the Highlanders, uſed from ancient times down to the battle of Killicrankie; and probably of the ſame kind with the "ingentes gladii," which Tacitus deſcribes the Caledonians as employing at the battle of the Grampian Hills. The target was commonly uſed in conjunction with it. See Pennant's Voyage to the Hebrides, 4to. 1774, p. 289, 290; and his Tour in Scotland, 4to. 3d edit. p. 191; and Part 2d, 4to. 1776, Additions at the end, p. 28.

Staggering he ſtrove to whirl, and ſcarce upheld
The target's weight. Oft have I ſeen his ſcars,
And often have I liſten'd to his tale.
Him uninform'd attachment to his chief,
That chief miſguided loyalty, arranged
Beneath Rebellion's ſtandard. At thy frown,
Inſulted Albion, on Culloden's plain
Each frantic hope expired! With terror wing'd,
Through pathleſs ſolitudes the chieftain fled
The hot purſuit; together fled the youth
Breathleſs and pale, nor reck'd the throbbing wound.
Long were the hours, O Morvern! ere thy beach,
Way-worn, with tottering ſpeed they trod, and gazed
Impatient for the bark, ordain'd to plow
Thy unfrequented billows, if miſchance
Should blight their enterprize: as he who, ſtretch'd
Sleepleſs and toſſing on his feveriſh bed,
Pants for the dawn, and to the adverſe wall
Still turns his wearied ſight, eager to catch
The firſt pale ray that mitigates the gloom,
And tells of twilight's birth. Four tedious days
Each formleſs ſpeck, that on the horizon's verge
Hover'd obſcure, with ſtraining eyes they watch'd
From morn to lateſt eve; whether the moon
Bade ocean his recoiling floods abſorb,
Or hurl'd the deluge on the expecting ſhore

The fifth morn roſe: a bark drew nigh: the chief,
High on a rock projecting o'er the deep,
The appointed ſignal waved.—At once the cliffs
Rebellowing ſhook.—The foes, who on his track
With vengeful wile had hung, noted their prey,
And launch'd the murderous bullet. Prone he fell;
And o'er his head the reddening ſurges cloſed.
Fear-ſtruck, and ſorrowing for his hapleſs lord,
The youth from ſlaughter fled: the adverſe band
Perceived him not. O'er many a houſeleſs moor,
And bog beneath his footſteps quivering wide,
And craggy height he wander'd, till he gain'd
The piny foreſt that o'er Jurna's * deeps
Flung its black horrors; while amid the gloom
Gray rocks their glittering ſummits rear'd, and daſh'
From precipice to precipice, through clouds
Of ſparkling miſt the headlong torrent ſhone.
There in a cavern, from whoſe beetling roof
The native fir ſhot pillar-like to heaven,
And lightly waving in the wind the birch
Stream'd its long branches, he found refuge. Moſs

* Loch Jurn, a ſalt-water loch on the weſtern coaſt of Inverneſs-ſhire, penetrating many miles inland, and ſurrounded mountains and pine-foreſts of Alpine magnificence. See Pennant's Voyage to the Hebrides, p. 342, 343.

S. Gilpin del. Published December 1st 1797, by Cadell & Davies, Strand. I. Neagle Sculp.

"——— A bark drew nigh; the Chief,
High on a rock projecting o'er the deep,
The appointed signal waved:"

Supplied his couch, decaying boughs his fire.
With ſylvan berries, and thy tuberous root,
Cormeille *, by Famine's delving hand explored,

* The Heath-pea, Orobus tuberoſus Linn.; called the Cormeille, or Carmele, in the Highlands.

" Among other vegetables, we have in great plenty in the " heaths and woods the following berries; wild raſps, wild ſtraw- " berries, blue berries, bugberries, uva urſi, &c. And we have " one root I cannot but take notice of, which we call Carmele. " It is a root that grows in heaths and birch woods to the bigneſs " of a large nut, and ſometimes four or five roots are joined by " fibres; it bears a green ſtalk, and a ſmall red flower. Dio, " ſpeaking of the Caledonians, ſays, *Certum cibi genus parant ad* " *omnia*; *quem ſi ceperint, quantum eſt unius fabæ magnitudo, minimè* " *eſurire aut ſitire ſolent.* Cæſar, de Bell. Civ. lib. 3tio, writes that " Valerius's ſoldiers found a root called Chara, *quod admiſtum lacte* " *multam inopiam levabat*; *id ad ſimilitudinem panis efficiebant.* I am " inclined to think that our Carmele (that is, ſweet root) is Dio's " *Cibi genus*, and Cæſar's *Chara.* I have often ſeen it dried, and " kept for journies through hills, where no proviſions could be " had. I have likewiſe ſeen it pounded and infuſed; and when " yeſt or barm is put to it, it ferments, and makes a liquor more " agreeable and wholeſome than mead. It grows ſo plentifully, " that a cart-load of it can eaſily be gathered; and the drink of " it is very balſamic." Mr. Shaw's Account of Elgin. Pennant's Tour in Scotland, p. 292.

" The Highlanders have a great eſteem for the tubercles of the " roots of the Cormeille; they dry and chew them, in general to " give a better reliſh to their liquor: they alſo affirm them to be " good againſt moſt diſorders of the thorax, and that by the uſe " of them they are enabled to repel hunger and thirſt for a long

His ſtrength exhauſted he renew'd. And oft
With ſhaft uncouth, while envious falcons ſcream'd,
Floating in air, and from the mountain's brow
The indignant eagle mark'd him, he transfix'd
The roe *, bounding in vain; and ſnowy hare †
Changeful; and from the pine's high top brought down
The giant grous ‡, while boaſtful he diſplay'd

" time. In Breadalbane and Roſsſhire, they ſometimes bruiſe and " ſteep them in water, and make an agreeable fermented liquor " with them. They have a ſweet taſte, ſomething like the roots " of liquorice; and when boiled, we are told, are well flavoured " and nutritive, and in times of ſcarcity have ſerved as a ſubſtitute " for bread." Lightfoot's Flora Scotica, vol. i. p. 389.

* Roes are mentioned by Mr. Pennant as common inhabitants of the Scotch pine foreſts, from the banks of Loch Lomond to the entrance into Caithneſs. When the ground is covered with ſnow, they brouſe on the extreme branches of the pine and juniper. Pennant's Tour, p. 94. Eagles and falcons alſo frequent the ſame ſcenes.

† The Alpine Hare; of which Mr. Pennant (Tour, p. 84) ſays, that it inhabits the ſummits of the higheſt hills, is leſs than the common hare, and, when purſued, ſeeks ſhelter as ſoon as poſſible under ſtones. During ſummer its predominant colour is grey. About September it begins to aſſume a ſnowy whiteneſs; and becomes entirely white, except about the edges and tips of the ears. In April it aſſumes its grey coat.

‡ The Capercalze, called alſo Auercalze, Capercally, and Cock of the Wood, and occaſionally from its great ſize the Horſe of the Woods, as it ſometimes weighs fifteen pounds, is the largeſt of the grous ſpecies. It inhabits pine foreſts, and perches on the top of

His breaſt of varying green, and crow'd, and clapp'd
His gloſſy wings. Oft, peering round with eye
That fear'd the glance of human eye to meet,
Beneath the cliff, where many a fragment rude
Skirted the ebbing lake, at eve he roam'd;
Sprang on the ſeagull fluttering in the ſnare
His art had woven; from their caverns drew
The ſhell-clad race, or ſeiz'd the finny prize
Left floundering in the ſhallows. Peace meanwhile
Brighten'd the land, and Juſtice through the depths
Of glens and woods proclaim'd the fated ſword.
He heard, and flew to his paternal vale.

A deeper tinge imbrowns the wild; yon hill
With briſtling terror heaves; the foreſt quakes;
Through every glade portentous echoes roll.
Heard ye not Britain's voice? Her oaks mature,
To brave the ſhock of elements, the might
Of Gaul, ſhe ſummons; bids them guard her peace

very tall trees, and feeds on the extreme ſhoots. The colour of the breaſt is green, reſembling that of the peacock. Pennant's Tour in Scotland, p. 198 and 293; and do. part 2d, 4to, 1776, p. 23, 24. In the ſpring, this bird is accuſtomed to take its ſtation on a high tree, clapping its wings, and crowing with a loud and ſhrill voice. It may then be approached with the utmoſt eaſe by the fowler. See Pennant's Britiſh Zoology, 4th edit. vol. i. p. 264, and p. 266, note.

With tributary aid, and round her isle
Build on the seas an adamantine wall.
Pierce we the dells. The solitude resounds
With busy life. The uplifted axe, urged deep
By sinewy arms, while the well-planted feet
Keep firm each muscle of the straining back,
Delves the resisting trunk; from every stroke
Wide fly the fragments. Now the assailants pause,
Breathless and faint; now, to determined rage
By mutual exhortation fired, return
Fierce to the charge. The sylvan monarch groans,
And shakes his leafy crown presageful. Hark!
That blow was fatal. From his base disjoin'd,
While from his furious sweep the victors fly,
He falls: loud sounds the shock; his splinter'd arms
Crash; the hills tremble; ruin spreads the ground.
So, Youth of Pella, by thy vengeful arm
Cast from her throne when mighty Persia fell,
Earth, ocean, shook: snapt from their parent stock,
Her hundred provinces in fragments huge
Spread Empire's ruin o'er the astonish'd East.
Now this, now that way drawn the harsh saw grates,
Severing the mighty limbs. Those strip the bark;
In heaps these build it. Those the feebler boughs
Hew to fit lengths; these in well-order'd tiers
Arrange them, sedulous the pile to form,

Where ſmother'd heat ſhall drink the ſap, and change
The green to ſooty charcoal. Near its ſide
Yon children deep in earth their yielding poles,
Ribs of the temporary cabin, fix
With tops united: theſe with pliant ſhoots
Wattled, his wigwam as the Indian weaves
In tranſatlantic ſhade, or cloth'd with turf,
The ſummer hut on Snowdon's windy brow
As Cambrian herdſmen rear, from dews of eve
And noontide ſuns the clamorous train ſhall guard,
While the ſlow-kindling maſs they tend, and watch
To ope in time freſh inlets for the breeze,
And pierce new chimnies for the impriſon'd ſmoke.
Thus eager in the ſylvan toil unite
Briſk youth and ſturdy manhood; each abſorb'd
In his own taſk, nor conſcious that the arm
Of induſtry, plied hard for daily bread,
Plants the foundations of a kingdom's power,
And props the ſplendid fabric of the ſtate.
Soon the peel'd trunk, reft of its branched head,
Seized by thy graſp, Mechanic Art, ſhall quit
Its native lawn; while the tired oxen pant,
And the wain groans beneath the ponderous load.
So fade the chieftains of the wood; their place
Knows them no more; the deſolated blank
Gapes, and admits the long-excluded day.

Yet ſhall contiguous ſaplings through the void
Puſh their ſwift growth; and with columnar ſtems
Mounting through ether, and with ample ſpread
Darkening the plain, ſhall emulate their ſires.
Thus when the ſtateſman and the warrior fall,
Dejected Albion mourns. Ere long a race,
With memory of paternal virtue warm'd,
Pleads in the ſenate, conquers in the field;
And while approving heaven the purpoſe crowns,
Upholds the reign of freedom and of law,
Of ſocial order and domeſtic peace.

All hail, free foreſters! I hail you free,
Though at the call of Man, Vicegerent Lord
Of earth, your heads in homage bow. For man
Regards your rights, nor haraſſes the wild
With needleſs interference. There his hand
Controls you not: while yet he ſpares the tree,
He ſpares its freedom; leaves the trunk to ſhoot
As nature prompts the kind; nor ſtrains the boughs
To forms uncouth, nor trims with plaſtic ſheers,
And calls the havock beauty. Think on thoſe,
Your kindred, whom the taſteleſs tyrant ſhapes
At his own will; and dooms their living ſtems
To ſervice more degrading than his pile
Of roots and logs and refuſe bruſhwood knows.
Think on the yew, that fix'd in luckleſs hour

Its growth beſide his dwelling. See its creſt
Lopt to a ſtump, its horizontal range
Curtail'd; while from the mutilated ſtock
Pillars and pyramids and ſtatues riſe,
Giants and dwarfs. Behold the tortured box,
Now frown, a bear; now grin, an ape; now feign
A peacock's pride, and in eternal green
Still ſtrut, ſtill ſpread its unrelenting tail.
Mark, happy foreſters, your brethren's ſhame,
And triumph in your liberty! And ye,
Britons, ye ſons of freedom, turn your eyes
To climes that Ganges floats with ſtreams of gold:
In links of ſteel where ſuperſtition binds
The unſuſpecting native; to his caſt
Tethers him; cramps his powers; condemns to ply
With joyleſs hands the trade his ſires have plied
With joyleſs hands for centuries; proſcribes
All hope of change, all proſpect to o'erleap
Or burſt her barriers, to the ſkies upraiſed,
And ſtedfaſt as the chambers of the grave.
Behold, and bleſs the Power who gave your lot
In Freedom's land, where genius unconfined
Purſues his favourite path; where Science warms
Each latent energy of ſoul; and Truth
Heaven-born her holy radiance pours abroad.
And O! for India's wretched ſons ye deem

Your ſubjects, yet, even yet, at length fulfil
A maſter's charge. Ye have a Maſter too,
Throned in the ſkies, and watchful to avenge
Neglected duty. With perſuaſive lore,
Not force, but truth perſuaſive, looſe the chains
They ignorantly prize; bid them be free
To act as men; teach them alike to ſcorn
The ſenſeleſs image and the wily prieſt,
Bow to the ſceptre of impartial law,
And hail the dawn of evangelic day.

WALK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

A Summer Noon contraſted with a Summer Morning—Burners of Fern—Great Conflagrations occaſioned by Fern Fires—Story of a Cottager—A Foreſt Pool—Horſes and Cattle collected by it—Village Boy come in ſearch of his Maſter's Cattle—Hazy Effect of Noon on remote Woods—Diſtant View of a Church—Reflections—A Foreſt, though without the characteriſtic Grandeur and Beauty of Mountains, of Rocks, of Lakes, or of Sea-ſhores, has Grandeur and Beauty of its own.

WALK THE SECOND.

SUMMER.——NOON.

The ſolſtice rages: Nature ſinks oppreſt
Beneath the ſultry glow. Hide me, ye woods,
Hide in your ſhades impenetrable; waft
A breeze reviving from your inmoſt depths;
While your tall trunks between I gaze abroad
On the parch'd world, or watch the trooping deer
Safe in the covert from the ſcorching ray.
What though with lifted ears to every ſound
They turn? They fly not me; no murderous tube
Gleams in my hand: but far aloof they ſhun
Him, whoſe green veſture and inſidious gait
Mark him their authorized deſtroyer. Few
And ſhort the hours ſince from its height the lark
Sang the firſt carol to approaching morn,
And broke the twilight ſlumber of the grove:
Yet that brief interval the clime has changed

From temperate zone to torrid. Scatter'd clouds,
With orient bluſh empurpled, half obſcured
The aſcending orb of light; gray miſts, effuſed
O'er the wide lawn, and from the wooded hill
Dim through their ſkirts diſcern'd retiring ſlow,
His labouring beams reſtrain'd; yon reverend oaks,
Fronting the eaſt, acroſs the illumined vale
Stretch'd their long ſhadows; dewy ſpangles gemm'd
The graſs; o'er thymy banks and opening flowers
On gelid wings a gale of fragrance mov'd.
Now from the burning firmament the ſun
Each cloud has driven; with univerſal light
Blazing, the earth repels the dazzled eye,
Save where a lonely ſpot of ſhade lies cloſe
Beneath ſome maſſy tree, or woods extend
Their dark receſſes; the faint traveller's ſtep
On the tann'd plain ſlides printleſs, as when froſt
Has glazed the downward path; no wandering breeze
The huſh'd aërial ocean moves; and fierce
As when through Indian ſkies it rages, heat
Cleaves the parch'd earth, and drains the ebbing ſtream.
Yet cannot heat's meridian rage deter
The cottage-matron from her annual toil.
On that rough bank behold her, bent to reap
The full-grown fern, her harveſt, and prepare
Her aſhy balls of purifying fame.

Lo, yon bare ſpot ſhe deſtines for the hearth;
Now ſtrikes the ſteel, the tinder covers light
With wither'd leaves and dry; now ſtoops to fan
The glimmering ſparks, and motionleſs remains,
Watching the infant flame from ſide to ſide
Run through the thin materials. Round her ſtray
Children or grandchildren, a cheerful train,
Diſperſed among the buſhes; earneſt each
To execute the taſk her nod aſſigns,
Half ſport, half labour, fit for early youth.
One plies the hook, the rake another trails;
Another, ſtaggering, bears the verdant load
Uplifted in his arms; another haſtes
Her apron's burthen to diſcharge. Each ſtep
Active and prompt obedience quickens, zeal
Inſpired by love; the temper of the ſoul
Which to the parent moſt endears the child,
The chriſtian to his God. Well-pleaſed the dame
Receives their tribute; part ſhe heaps aſide
In ſtore for night, the embers to preſerve
From quenching dews; part on the kindled pile
Adroit ſhe ſprinkles; duly with her fork
Then opes the ſinking ſtrata to admit
Currents of needful air; at every gale
The enliven'd maſs glows bright, and crackles loud.
Puffing from numerous chinks the ſmoke unfolds

Its wreathed volumes; not as when, condenſed
By evening's gelid atmoſphere, it creeps
Below the hill, and draws along the ground
Its lengthening train, and ſpreading as it rolls,
Melts in blue vapour; but aſpiring ſhoots
Its growth columnar, and diſplays afar
Its broad and duſky head, to pilgrim's eye
As view'd o'er Salem's plain the palm aſcends.
Hence ſhall the matron in the diſtant town
With lifted hands her ſnowy flax admire,
And ſcorn the produce of Hibernian looms.

Oft from theſe fires malignant ſparks adrift
Borne by the wind; or thrown by ruſtic hands
With inward purpoſe that the ſoil, from baſe
And noxious vegetation freed, may yield
Salubrious paſture to the grazing herd;
Seize the dead graſs, the furzy brake invade,
Kindle the matted bruſhwood, and from hill
To hill the ſudden conflagration pour.
Woe to the mighty oak that on the plain
Grown old in ſolitary grandeur, meets
The fiery deluge in its courſe: the blaze
Round the root rattles, climbs the ſinged trunk,
Devours the leaves, and o'er the topmoſt bough
Its ſmoke-ſtain'd canopy triumphant rears.
Thus when with dizzy heads and armed hands

The unbridled multitude the taſk aſſumes
To cleanſe from ſtains and mould to happier form
A ſtate's well-order'd frame, if time or craft
Some nuiſance to the public weal has raiſed,
The cauſe that moved or ſeem'd to move the ſtorm,
It ſinks unpitied: but the inſatiate blaſt
Sill rages, Uproar thunders, Havock ſtalks
Fearleſs; Law, Empire falls; the reverend pile
By hoary wiſdom plann'd, by patriot ſtrength
Uprear'd, by patriot blood cemented, falls
Headlong, and frantic myriads ſhout for joy.
Wider and wider o'er the blacken'd waſte
Her burning tide Deſtruction rolls. From ſleep
Rouſed by the unaccuſtom'd ſound, the fox
Starts, liſtens quick, the ſcent of fire inhales
Appall'd, and ruſhes forth: the heath-cock wakes,
And ſprings in terror through the fervid air.
Meanwhile the clouds dark riſing from the ſpoil
The neighbouring hamlets with familiar gaze
View unalarm'd: but at the cloſe of day,
The horizon red with ſettled glow, and oft
With ſpiry flaſhes gleaming, fills with awe
Tracts far remote; and to the boding mind
The picture holds of harveſts reap'd in vain,
Of ravaged farms, and villages deſtroy'd.
And are theſe terrors vain? Behold yon ſpot

Beneath the ſloping covert, where the eye
Along the ditch yet faintly to be traced,
And edged with interrupted mounds of earth
By mouldering time but half worn down, purſues
The fence that once exiſted; while within,
The ſmoother ſurface and the livelier green
The cultivating hand of man record.
There by the ſhelter'd vale a peaſant youth
Attracted, ſought his cot to rear; nor ſought
Hopeleſs: the indulgent lord of the domain
Nodded aſſent. Swift roſe the humble wall,
And ſwift the ſtraw-clad roof. Thither ere long
The happy bridegroom led the maid whoſe charms
Had won his heart. Soon his induſtrious ſpade
Reclaim'd a corner from the waſte: in vain
The lofty-vaulting deer, the ſearching hare,
His wattled hedge aſſail'd. The garden ſpread
Its herbs ſalubrious, gay with mingled flowers,
Crocus and ſnowdrop, tulip brought from far,
Violet now blue, now white, and primroſe drawn
From neighbouring thicket. Rolling ſeaſons nurſed
His orchard's vernal fragrance, and weigh'd low
The boughs far gleaming with autumnal gold.
Oft when the plain before the ruſhing North
In ſnowy waves moved wild, his chimney's ſmoke,
Whirl'd rapid in blue eddies, to his door

The wilder'd traveller led. The peaſant graſp'd
His oaken ſtaff, and wading through the drift,
Pointed the buried road; or to his fire
Convey'd the ſhivering ſtranger, and renew'd
The crackling blaze, while from her ſecret ſtore
His partner cull'd the hoſpitable meal.
Thus glided on the peaceful years, till age
Sprinkled their locks with ſilver: ſcarce had grief
E'er clogg'd the wing of time, ſave when their child,
An only daughter, o'er her huſband's grave
Mourn'd ceaſeleſs, and by waſting anguiſh bow'd,
Soon follow'd him; yet left two orphan babes
The ancient pair to ſoothe. Their prattling mirth
Cheer'd the long winter-eve, and added joy
To bliſsful ſummer. One unhappy night,
The grandſire, who had mark'd the neighbouring hill
By kindled furze illumed o'erpower the moon,
From unrefreſhing ſleep with ſudden ſtart
Woke gaſping: ſuffocating vapour denſe
The cottage fill'd. Scarce conſcious, he ſprang forth
Untainted air to breathe. He turn'd and ſaw
The fiercely vollied ſparks, the pillar'd fire,
Burſt from the thatch. Inward he ruſh'd to ſave
What more than life he lov'd. At once the roof
Sunk; higher tower'd the flame: wife, huſband, babes,
One ruin whelm'd; one grave their bones received.

Behold yon pool, by unexhauſted ſprings
Still nurtured, draw the multitudes that graze
The plains adjacent! On the bank worn bare,
And printed with ten thouſand ſteps, the colts
In ſhifting groups combine; or, to the brink
Deſcending, dip their paſterns in the wave.
Bolder the horned tribes, or leſs of heat
And teaſing inſects patient, far from ſhore
Immerge their cheſts; and while the hungry ſwarm
Now ſoars aloof, now reſolute deſcends,
Laſh their tormented ſides; and, ſtamping quick
And oft, the muddy fluid ſcatter round.
Fix'd many an hour, till milder ſkies recall
Deſire of long forgotten food, they ſtand
Each in its place; ſave when ſome wearied beaſt
The preſſure of the crowd no longer brooks,
Or in mere vagrant mood her ſtation quits
Reſtleſs; or ſome intruder, from afar
Flying o'er hill and plain the gadbee's ſting,
(For ſtill the dreaded hum ſhe hears, and ſhakes
The air with iterated lowings,) ſpies
The wat'ry gleam. With wildly-toſſing head,
And tail projected far, and maddening gait,
She plunges in, and breaks the ranks, and ſpreads
Confuſion, till conſtrain'd at length ſhe ſtops,
Wedged in the throng. Beneath a neighbouring buſh,

S. Gilpin del.

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Neagle sculp.

"Behold yon pool, by unexhausted Springs
Still nurtured, draw the multitudes that graze
The plains adjacent."

Poor ſhelter from the potent ray, reclines
The ruſtic boy, to count his maſter's herd
Sent from yon hamlet; left ſome ſtraggler, ſeized
By ſharp and ſudden malady, ſhould pine
Untended in the wood; or, reſolute
To crop forbidden paſture, overleap
The well-plaſh'd fence, and roam the diſtant field.
Panting, bareheaded, and with out-ſtretch'd arms
He ſleeps; and dreams of winter's froſty gale,
Of ſunleſs thickets, rills with breezy courſe,
Morn's dewy freſhneſs, and cool reſt at eve.
So when in ſlumber the poor exile ſeeks
A pauſe from woe, deluſive fancy's hand
Preſents each object of his fond deſire.
He reads the joyful ſummons to return;
Beholds the bark prepared, the ſwelling ſail;
Hears the impatient ſeamen murmur; graſps
The pendent rope exulting; climbs the deck;
Skims o'er the wave, and hails his native ſhore.
From the whole ſurface of the tepid earth,
But moſt from rivers rippling ſwift, and pools,
And trickling ſprings, and oozy ſwamps exhaled,
A vapoury ſteam floats, with the loaded air
Yet uncombined; and undulating ſtill
And ever twinkling, o'er the diſtant woods
Sheds a blue haze, and dims their ſhadowy forms.

Where through the tufted coverts of the grove
That opening glade deſcends, and leads the eye
To ſcenes beyond the foreſt's bound removed,
How nobly mid the fading landſcape ſtands
Yon * fane pre-eminent! It warms my heart,
When through the wide-ſpread provinces I ſtray
Of this fair realm, to view the ſlender ſpire
And maſſy tower from deep-embowering ſhades
Oft riſing in the vale, or on the ſide
Of gently-ſloping hills, or, loftier placed,
Crowning the wooded eminence. It looks
As though we own'd a God, adored his power,
Revered his wiſdom, loved his mercy; deem'd
He claims the empire of this lower world,
And marks the deeds of its inhabitants.
It looks as though we deem'd he fills all ſpace
Preſent throughout; and bends from heaven's high throne
With ear attentive to the poor man's prayer.
It looks as though we ſhrunk not from the thought
Of that laſt manſion (laſt as far as earth
Detains us) where, in ſolemn ſilence laid,
Our duſt ſhall ſlumber, till a voice, like that
Which, ſpeaking by the aſtoniſh'd † prophet's mouth,

* Lichfield Cathedral. † Ezekiel, chap. xxxvii.

Rouſed the dry bones that ſtrew'd the ample vale
To ſudden life, ſhall call the unnumber'd dead,
Primæval Adam with his lateſt ſons,
From every clime before their Judge's face
To ſtand, and hear their everlaſting doom.

God clothes his works with beauty. What tho' here
He has not wrapp'd in clouds the mountain's head
Magnificent, nor piled the fractured rock;
Nor delved the ſtony cavern ſtretching wide
Its unſupported roof; nor down the ſteep
Pour'd the rude cataract; nor bid the lake
Expand its lucid mirror to the ſun;
Nor ocean's billowy ſurges waſh the baſe
Of promontories, whoſe white cliffs, with fowl
Swarming of every ſeaborn tribe, reſound
With countleſs wings, and never-wearied cries:
Yet has his hand the intermingling charms
Of hill and valley, lawn, and winding dell,
In rich exuberance ſpread; yet has his hand
Hung theſe wild banks with ſylvan majeſty.

WALK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

A Summer Evening deſcribed—Moon riſes—Stars and Planets—Addreſs to them—Nocturnal Birds in purſuit of Inſects—The Subject illuſtrated by the annual Migration of Herrings—Wild-Cat—Weaſel deſtroying a Leveret—An Evening in an African Foreſt—The Slave-Trade—Deer-Stealer—His Method of proceeding deſcribed—Purſuit of him by the Keepers—Addreſs to the Votaries of Luxury—The Turtle—Effects of the Luxury of the Wealthy on the Morals and Fate of the Foreſt Peaſant.

WALK THE THIRD.

SUMMER.——MOONLIGHT.

The glow of eve is faded. Scarce the Weſt
Retains a pale memorial of the beams
That fired it, when the horizontal clouds,
With purple dyes and fiſſures edged with gold,
Streak'd the calm ether; while through ſparkling haze
The faint hills glimmer'd, fainter as their chain
Approach'd the fount of brightneſs, fainter ſtill
Where ſunk the parting orb, and with the ſky
In undiſtinguiſhable ſplendor join'd.
Frowning on yonder eminence, the oak
Stretch'd his wild arms, and with contraſting gloom
Athwart the blaze his ſable curtain flung.
Milder, ſtill milder, the ſubſiding glow
Spared the pain'd eyeball, and with ſober rays
Quench'd in the gathering duſk refreſh'd the ſight:
As when remembrance of a buried friend

No longer with intenſity of grief
Harrows the ſoul; but, mellow'd down by time,
From ſadneſs to compoſure ſoothes the breaſt,
Sacred compoſure, near allied to joy.
Soon o'er the hill the yellow-tinctured moon
Roſe through the twilight, and with ſlanting ray
Gilded the topmoſt boughs; while all the vale
And all its ſloping boundaries lay wrapt
In ſhade unvaried. Now with leſſening orb
And ſilver aſpect climbing, through the leaves
And thinner ſpray a tremulous gleam ſhe throws,
Chequering the moſſy path beneath our feet.
Round her the ſtars and planetary balls
With cloudleſs luſtre burn; not ranged in heaven
With mere deſign a twinkling aid to yield
To the late-wandering ſtranger, nor ordain'd
To rule our deſtinies, as craft averr'd,
And ignorance believed; thy power, thy love,
Parent of all, they ſpeak: they tell of worlds
Innumerable, warm'd by other ſuns,
And peopled with innumerable hoſts
Of beings, wondrous all, nor leſs than man
Work of thy hand, and children of thy care!
Ye ſparkling iſles of light that ſtud the ſea
Of empyrèan ether! Ye abodes
Of unknown myriads, ſpirits, or in bands

Held of corporeal frame! Fain would my ſoul,
Athirſt for knowledge unreveal'd to man,
Queſtion your habitants, and fain would hear
A voice reſponſive from your diſtant bourn.
Tell, tell me who poſſeſs your radiant climes;
What are their forms, their faculties, their hopes,
Their fears, if ſubject or to hope or fear?
What fond purſuits, what animating toils,
Diverſify exiſtence with delight?
Rove they in courſe aërial unconfined
From ſphere to ſphere, with interchange of joy
Heightening their mutual bliſs; or dwell they fix'd,
Each in his native ſolitary orb,
Unconſcious of the lot of neighbouring worlds?
What homage, what returns of grateful love
Yield they to Him who made them? Stand they faſt
In undecaying bleſſedneſs, ſecure
From riſk of loſs: or tread they yet the ſtage
Of perilous probation? Hath Sin won
Conqueſts through diſobedience o'er thoſe hoſts?
In your bright regions yawns the gate of Death?
Falls he, who falls, for ever?—Power ſupreme!
Pardon the aſpiring thoughts that would preſume
To pierce the veil which ſhrowds from mortal eye
The wonders of thy realms! Enough, to know
That thou art Lord! Thy univerſal love

Pervades Creation; on each living form
Showers down its proper happineſs; and, when guilt
Wakes thy reluctant vengeance, ſtays the bolt
Of wrath, and pales its mitigated fire!
While with their heads beneath their ruffled plumes
Conceal'd, the birds that ſported during day,
Reſt in theſe ſheltering buſhes, at whoſe roots
The vivid worm her nightly ſpark illumes;
And couching in that brake, the timorous deer
Slumbers forgetful of each paſt alarm;
The tribes of evening iſſue from their cells,
To animate the duſk. Heard ye the owl
Hoot to her mate reſponſive? 'Twas not ſhe
Whom floating on white pinions near his barn
The farmer views well pleaſed, and bids his boy
Forbear her neſt; but ſhe who, cloth'd in robe
Of unobtruſive brown, regardleſs flies
Mouſe-haunted cornſtacks, and the threſher's floor,
And prowls for plunder in the lonely wood.
On leathern wing in changeful jerks the bat
Flitting, and twittering ſhrill and weak, renews
The wonted chace. Nor is the chace in vain.
For ever and anon the battle dull
Smites us with ſudden ſtroke, ſtopping at once
Its heavy hum: while moths of ſize and form
And motion various, flutter by, with plumes

Leſs gorgeous, not leſs delicate, than theirs
Whoſe painted wings the noontide flowers adorn.
Hark! from yon quivering branch your direſt foe,
Inſects of night, its withering note prolongs *,
Loud as the ſound of buſy maiden's wheel:
Then with expanded beak, and throat enlarged
Even to its utmoſt ſtretch, its cuſtomed food
Purſues voracious. Thus from Zembla's deep
On warmer climes when herring armies † pour

* The goatſucker. "This bird agrees with the ſwallow tribe "in food, and in the manner of taking it; differs in the time of "preying, flying only by night; ſo with ſome juſtice may be "called a nocturnal ſwallow. It feeds on moths, gnats, dorrs, or "chaffers; from which Charlton calls it a Dorr-hawk; its food "being entirely that ſpecies of beetle during the month of July. "—Scopoli ſeems to credit the report of its ſucking the teats "of goats; an error delivered down from the days of Ariſtotle. "Its notes are moſt ſingular; the loudeſt ſo much reſembles that "of a large ſpinning-wheel, that the Welch call this bird aderyn "y droell, or the wheel-bird. It begins its ſong moſt punctually "on the cloſe of day, ſitting uſually on a bare bough. The noiſe "is ſo very violent, as to give a ſenſible vibration to any little "building it chances to alight on, and emit this ſpecies of note." Pennant's Britiſh Zoology, vol. i. p. 416, 417. See alſo White's Naturaliſt's Calendar, p. 79.

† The winter habitation of the herrings is the ſea within the Arctic circle. "This mighty army," ſays Mr. Pennant (Britiſh Zoology, 4th ed. vol. iii. p. 336, 337), "begins to put itſelf in "motion in the ſpring. We diſtinguiſh this vaſt body by that name;

The living tide of plenty; to the ſun
With gold and green and azure many a league
When ocean glitters like a field of gems,
Gay as the bow of heaven, and burns by night
In every billow with phoſphoric fire;
Their march innumerous foes attend. Behold,
In light-wing'd ſquadrons, gulls of every name,
Screaming diſcordant, o'er the ſurface hang,
And ceaſeleſs ſtoop for prey. Lo! gannets huge

" for the word *herring* is derived from the German *heer*, an army, to " expreſs their numbers. It is divided into diſtinct columns of five " or ſix miles in length, and three or four in breadth." The ſame author, in his Tour in Scotland, 1772, 2d ed. p. 373, 374, obſerves further,: " In a fine day, when the fiſh appear near the ſurface, " they exhibit an amazing brilliancy of colours. All the various " coruſcations that dart from the diamond, ſapphire, and emerald, " enrich their track; but during night, if they play on the ſur- " face, the ſea appears on fire, luminous as the brighteſt phoſ- " phorus.—The ſigns of the arrival of the herrings are flocks of " gulls, which catch up the fiſh while they ſkim on the ſurface: " and of gannets, which plunge and bring them up from conſi- " derable depths. Codfiſh, haddocks, and dogfiſh follow the " herrings in vaſt multitudes; whales, pollacks, and porpoiſes " are added to the number of their foes: theſe follow in droves; " the whales deliberately, opening their vaſt mouths, taking them " in by hundreds. Theſe monſters keep on the outſide; for the " body of the phalanx of herrings is ſo thick as to be impene- " trable."

And oſpreys *, plunging from their cloudy height
With leaden fall precipitate, the waves
Cleave with deep-daſhing breaſt, and labouring riſe,
Talons and beak o'erloaded: while beneath
Monſters marine with ſanguine inroad gore
The looſer files: and, floating vaſt, the whale
Inſatiate lops the impenetrable hoſt,
Unbars his mighty jaws, cloſe-crowded troops
Ingulfs at once, and claſps the gates of death.
Freſh from its den, yon hollow trunk, behold
The wild-cat, deadlieſt of the ſavage tribes
That roam in Britiſh foreſt; wont on high
To ſeize the rapid ſquirrel, or by guile
Pluck from her neſt the unſuſpecting dove,
Or to the ground deſcending thin the race
That bores the ſandy warren. Thus from ſea
To ſea, from ſhore to ſhore, athirſt for ſpoil,

* "The oſprey feeds chiefly on fiſh, taking them in the ſame "manner as the ſea-eagle does, by precipitating itſelf on them.— "The Italians compare the violent deſcent of this bird on its prey "to the fall of lead into water, and call it auguiſta piumbina, the "leaden-eagle." Brit. Zool. 4th edit. vol. i. p. 175. The ſea-eagle is thus finely characteriſed by Pliny: "Supereſt haliæetos, "clariſſimâ oculorum acie, librans ex alto ſeſe, viſoque in mari "piſce, præceps in eum ruens, & diſcuſſis pectore aquis rapiens." On the ſimilar habits of the gannet, ſee Brit. Zool. vol. ii. p. 617.

The pirate ſteers ; now chaſes o'er the wave
The merchantman in ever-changing courſe
Tacking in vain ; now lands the midnight crew
Havock and flame through ſome defenceleſs town
To ſpread ; now, braving noon's indignant eye,
Sacks the lone village : ſcatter'd o'er the plains
To every wind, the ſhepherds pant ; and oft
Snatching a glance reverted, mark the ſmoke
And fiery gleam that tell the tale of woe.
See from his cave beneath the brambly bank
The fox glide forth, ſcenting the feather'd prey
Perch'd at the neighbouring cottage. Creeping ſlow
The weaſel, and in ſilence, through the fern
Steals on the dozing leveret. From her ſeat
She ſtarts, and bears away the aſſailant fix'd
Faſt to her neck, and from the flowing vein
Sucking the vital current. Lo, ſhe falls.
The puny murderer ſlinks into the brake
From the drain'd carcaſs, ſated with the blood.
Amid the nightly prowlers of thy wilds,
Britain ! man walks ſerene : in all their tribes
None found to bid him tremble, none to aim
Talon or fang againſt their rightful lord.
O wretched he, whom Senegambian ſhades
Incloſe at eve ! He, while a vault of flame
Smote on his brow, and ſcorch'd his gaſping throat,

Day after day through ſandy oceans toil'd,
Where deathlike ſilence brooded o'er the waſte,
And boundleſs ſpace ſeem'd but a larger grave:
No ſign that ever foot the burning earth
Had track'd, or life inhaled the vapoury fire,
Save when ſome camel's bleaching ribs he paſt,
Or corſe of long-loſt pilgrim parch'd to ſtone.
If to a bordering foreſt, when the ſun
Kindles the weſt, his weary courſe draw nigh;
Soon as the orb its laſt red creſcent dips,
At once the lion's deſert-ſhaking roar,
The gaunt hyena's ſhriek, the panther's growl,
And yells of every tone that breathes diſmay
Strain'd from unnumber'd throats athirſt for blood,
Join diſſonant: with ſerpent hiſs the gloom
Quivers: the herded elephants advance
With thundering ſhock, and through oppoſing woods
Cruſh their wide way. Now the brief twilight fades:
In agony he ſhudders; through the duſk
Sees fiery eyeballs glare; and hears the rout
Of countleſs antelopes, than tropic ſtorms
More fleet, ruſh headlong from the gripe of death;
Hears famiſh'd monſters panting in the chace,
And cries and groans proclaim the arreſted flight
Of victim after victim. Stretch'd on earth,
Each limb with icy dread convulſed, he lies,

Lies powerleſs, hopeleſs: and with vain regret
Sighs for the horrors of the fervid noon,
Where deathlike ſilence brooded o'er the wild,
And boundleſs ſpace ſeem'd but a larger grave;
Where late the camel's bleaching ribs he paſt,
And corſe of long-loſt pilgrim parch'd to ſtone.
O wretch, whom noon ſhall never light again!
And are the lion's deſert-ſhaking roar,
The ſerpent hiſs, wide quivering through the gloom,
The gaunt hyena's ſhriek, the panther's growl,
And yells of every tone that breathes diſmay
Strain'd from unnumber'd throats athirſt for blood,
The direſt ſounds that thrill the ſhuddering waſte?
Inferior monſters! hence: a fiercer brute
Advances on his prey. Man, ſavage man,
Prowls to enſlave his brother. See the burſt
Of flame: thoſe outcries hear! Yon ruffian band
Surrounds the blazing village. Sleep is fled.
Naked, with frantic ſteps, panting for life,
And freedom more than life, from ſide to ſide
The wretched inmates hurry, and in vain
The guarded circle try. What foe profeſt
Utter'd the mandate? None. From him, yes him,
It came, who bears the ſceptre of the land,
Bears the paternal name of King; from him,
Who foremoſt in the battle ſhould have bled

To ſhelter them from wrong. The white men's bribe
Prevailed. Defenceleſs, guiltleſs, unaccuſed,
He ſeized them, ſold them; mother, huſband, babes,
And all that ever ſhall from them be born,
Beneath a foreign Lord, a foreign ſky,
To ſtripes and chains and miſery conſign'd.
And yet when famiſh'd, friendleſs, and forlorn,
The poor white man beneath the village-tree
Drench'd by the ſtorm ſtood ſhivering; Pity's hand
Call'd him within the hut, prepared him food,
And ſpread his couch: while many an artleſs lay
Mourn'd o'er the friendleſs poor white man; for he
No mother had to bring him milk, nor wife
To grind his corn *.—Thou ſcandal to the name

* "I was obliged to ſit all day without victuals, in the ſhade "of a tree: and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, "for the wind roſe, and there was great appearance of a heavy "rain; and the wild beaſts are ſo very numerous in the neigh- "bourhood, that I ſhould have been under the neceſſity of "climbing up the tree, and reſting amongſt the branches. About "ſunſet, however, as I was preparing to paſs the night in this "manner, and had turned my horſe looſe, that he might graze at "liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, "ſtopped to obſerve me, and perceiving that I was weary and "dejected, inquired into my ſituation, which I briefly explained "to her; whereupon, with looks of great compaſſion, ſhe took

Of Engliſhman and Chriſtian! Thou, who ſtand'ſt
In yonder Tropic Iſle thy ſlave beſide,
His nervous limbs, as though he were thine ox,
With greedy eye peruſing: take the book

" up my ſaddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having
" conducted me into her hut, ſhe lighted up a lamp, ſpread a mat
" on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night.
" Finding that I was very hungry, ſhe ſaid ſhe would procure me
" ſomething to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a
" ſhort time with a very fine fiſh; which, having cauſed to be
" half broiled upon ſome embers, ſhe gave me for ſupper. The
" rites of hoſpitality being thus performed, towards a ſtranger in
" diſtreſs; my worthy benefactreſs (pointing to the mat, and
" telling me I might ſleep there without apprehenſion) called
" to the female part of her family, who had ſtood gazing on me
" all the while in fixed aſtoniſhment, to reſume their taſk of
" ſpinning cotton; in which they continued to employ themſelves
" great part of the night. They lightened their labour by ſongs,
" one of which was compoſed extempore; for I was myſelf the
" ſubject of it. It was ſung by one of the young women, the reſt
" joining in a ſort of chorus. The air was ſweet and plaintive;
" and the words, literally tranſlated, were theſe:—" The winds
" roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and
" weary, came and ſat under our tree.—He has no mother to
" bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn. Chorus. Let us
" pity the white man; no mother has he, &c. &c." Trifling as this
" recital may appear to the reader, to a perſon in my ſituation
" the circumſtance was affecting in the higheſt degree. I was
" oppreſſed by ſuch unexpected kindneſs; and ſleep fled from my

S. Gilpin del. Published December 1st 1797, by Cadell & Davies, Strand. Medland Sculp.t

"There flies
The Caitiff!"

Thy father gave thee, when his faltering voice
Pour'd a laſt bleſſing on thy parting ſteps,
And bade thee ſerve thy Maker. Take the book:
It is the ſacred record of thy faith,
Faith real or pretended. Mark the curſe
Hurl'd at "Manſtealers:" ponder on the law
Of univerſal duty, "What thou wilt
"Others ſhould do to thee, do thou to them."
Then haſten to the port, and hail the bark
That cleaves the wave from Guinea: from her throng
Of agonized victims cull the prime:
Fetter them, taſk them, with thy bloody ſcourge
Teach them a Briton's mercy: count thy gains:
Add yet another and another year:
And when, the goodly computation cloſed,
O'erjoy'd thou pauſeſt, write beneath the ſum;
"What if I gain the world, and loſe my ſoul!"
Why ruſh'd that horſeman with impetuous courſe
Acroſs the glade, ſtill looking back? Why ſhook
The foreſt with the deep-toned bloodhound's roar?

"eyes. In the morning I preſented my compaſſionate landlady "with two of the four braſs buttons which remained on my "waiſtcoat; the only recompence I could make her." See Park's Travels in the Interior of Africa, 4to. p. 197, 198.

I know his deeds. Ere long on yonder plain
Again ſhall we behold him : though he ſtrive
His chaſers to miſlead, and round theſe banks
Artful his circuit takes, there will he ſeek
The outlet of the wild. This day at noon
With ſtaff and halter in his hand he ſtray'd,
As watchful of the grazing tribes ; and ſeem'd
An herdſman bent his wandering colt to find,
And from the ſcanty common lead him home
To more abundant paſture. Other thoughts
Lay lurking in his breaſt. From prying gaze
Within the hollow lining of his coat
Cover'd, the muſket by malignant art
For depredation form'd, in ſeparate lengths
Disjointed, as muſician parts his flute,
He bore. With never-erring ſkill, the fruit
Mature of long experience, in the crowd
The well-fed buck he mark'd ; ſingling at once
The victim, as each herb of flavour choice
With ſapient noſe oft ſhifting o'er the plain
He cropp'd, unconſcious of impending fate.
Perch'd on the ſummit of the blaſted oak
The raven eyed him (often had ſhe traced
His purpoſe), and in ſilence ominous
Waited her offal portion of the prey.

Meanwhile, a ſhot deluſive, in the wood
At diſtance due by ſly confederate fired,
Alarm'd the keeper's ear. Inſtant he urged
From glade to glade the vain purſuit, and left
The endanger'd ſpot unguarded. The ſafe hour
The plunderer ſeized; the tube with ſpeed reſtored
To native ſhape he charged, levell'd his aim,
And drew the trigger. Clang'd the ſteel, and flaſh'd
Deſtruction. Swift he dragg'd the bleeding ſpoil,
And plung'd the quivering limbs and branched creſt
Deep in the brake, and fled. Bold he return'd,
When twilight lent to guilt her dubious veil,
At eve, prepar'd his booty to convey
To diſtant mart, where pamper'd luxury
With indiſcriminate rage her dainties buys,
Regardleſs whence they come, or how procured.
But long, as when impatient neſtlings peep,
Wide gaping, o'er their walls of moſs, and chide
Clamorous their dam whom ſearch of food delays;
Long with inquiring ſtomach ſhalt thou wait,
O diſappointed Alderman! and ſtrive
To ſtill the cravings of the mighty void
With meaner prey, while ſympathetic dread
Suggeſts the terrors thy purveyor feels!
For, rouſed by ſudden tramplings, ere the load
Is pack'd, acroſs his ſteed the deer he throws,

And mounts in haſte. For now their nightly round
The keepers hold; and ſoon the ranging dogs
Sagacious note the deed, and touch the place
Of ſlaughter. With loud roar they tell the tale;
And over hill and lawn ſcenting the blood,
By jolting agitation liquefied,
At intervals ſtill dropping from the wound,
Through all his bends the frighted robber chaſe.
Mark where they come: eager behind them ſweep
Their maſters. From our ſight lo all are loſt,
Purſuers and purſued. Croſs we this knoll,
And meet them as they circle round the ſkirts
Of that impenetrable wood. There flies
The caitiff! Nearer, nearer ſtill, the foes
Hang ardent on his ſteps. And now his form
Shouting they recognize, and fiercer drive
Their ſteeds. For long ſuſpicious had they gueſs'd
His ſecret wiles; and oft at dead of night
His cottage had they ſought, and, arm'd with force
Of legal claim and juſt authority,
Entrance demanded, and with patient toil
Explored each dark receſs, anxious to meet
Proofs of his rapine: but his wary fraud
Had baffled all their projects. Now his reign
Is cloſed. Hard preſt he drops the deer: the bait
His foes retards not; on himſelf they pour

Their utmoſt ſpeed. Mark, his o'erlaboured horſe
Falls headlong; from its back unhurt he ſprings,
And plies his nimble feet, and hopes eſcape.
In vain: the foreſt ſhakes him from its woods
Indignant, and bids rouſe its ſlumbering hoſts
To view their fires avenged. The keeper's graſp
Ends his vain ſtruggles; while the baying hounds
Leap round him, and, with rage and triumph fluſh'd,
Scarce from his quivering limbs their fangs refrain.
Ye ſons of luxury, direr foe to man
Than ſword or peſtilential vapour, bluſh
And tremble as this tale of truth ye read,
Bluſh for your ſhame, and tremble for your guilt!
Be it enough that earth's remoteſt bounds,
That polar ſhores and equinoctial waves
Pay tribute to your board: be it enough
That at your beck in ſtifling dungeon pent,
Like Guinea's injured ſons, o'er ſeas unknown
Waſted with pain the famiſh'd turtle weeps
Its miſerable voyage; at your beck
Stretch'd out for butchery feels its ſhelly mail
Rent from the fleſh, of agonizing life
Tenacious, while each mangled fragment heaves,
And crawling fibres quiver on the floor.
Spare yet the innocence of foreſts, ſpare
The untutor'd peaſant; lure him not to ſlight

The majeſty of law.—Have ye then ſped,
Search'd out his weakneſs, and with fraudful gold
Sapp'd his integrity? Lo, train'd by crime
To crime, ere long he aims at nobler ſpoil;
Plunders the fold, drives off the unguarded ſteed,
Arreſts the traveller, writhes the midnight lock,
With murderous hand the couch of ſleep invades;
Till, wearied by the deeds ye firſt inſpired,
Avenging juſtice ſweeps him from the earth.

WALK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

Addreſs to Autumn—An Autumnal Morning—Fieldfares—Addreſs to them—Appearance of a Foreſt in Autumn ſuperior to its Effect either in Spring or in Summer—Landſcape-Painters invited to ſtudy Chaſteneſs and Harmony of Colouring, and Breadth and Proportion of Light and Shade, in Foreſts—Illuſtration of the latter Subject from the Eruption of a Volcano—Autumnal Harmony of Nature further exemplified—The Woodcock—Deer waiting for falling Acorns—The Golden-creſted Wren—Cottagers collecting Fuel—An old Oak blown down—Contraſt of wooded Hills near at hand, in Sunſhine, with a flat Diſtance in deep Shadow—The Heron—A diſtant Shower—Dovedale—Tutbury Caſtle—Mary Queen of Scots—John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter—The Minſtrel—The Love of Foreſts natural to Man—Mode in which ſurviving Friends have praiſed departed Genius—Praiſe of Foreſts—Author of the Taſk—Autumn originally unknown—Eternal Spring ſhall reſume her Reign.

WALK THE FOURTH.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN, I hail thy ſteps! On yonder knoll
Thou ſtandeſt; not as in Trinacrian fields,
Thy crown a wheaten wreath, thy robe emboſs'd
With golden ſickles, jocund thou ſurvey'ſt
The reaper train; not as on Gallic hills,
Thy brow with vine-leaves mantled, thy attire
Purple with cluſters, and its verge with fruit
From the pale olive broider'd, thou art wont
To meet the peaſant at his early toil;
But clad as beſt becomes a ſylvan lord.
An oaken chaplet, with reſplendent hues
By thy own pencil warm'd, and gemm'd with knots
Of woodland berries, twines thy auburn hair.
Broad pictured on thy many-colour'd veſt,
Shade beyond ſhade, a mimic foreſt glows,
With birds innumerous throng'd. Part ſoar aloft,

Plowing in ſteady line their trackleſs way,
Mix'd with the clouds, as ſcenting from afar
The vernal gale: their comrades ope their wings
In act to follow. Part with languid air
And folded plumes, as from a toilſome flight
Yet unrecruited, from the topmoſt boughs
Explore the glades unknown; or, by the call
Of hunger long unſatisfied aroufed,
Pluck the rich harveſt of the fruitful wood.
On yonder knoll thou pauſeſt! O'er the groves
As ſlowly waves thy hand, a deeper tinge
Of ſtains ethereal, brightening every green,
Follows its courſe. But when thy lifted arm
Swift as in anger moves, the ſhuddering woods,
Smit with electric horror, prone to earth
Their withering glories pour: the riſing blaſt
Groans as it whirls the ſylvan deluge wide,
And hills and plains in leafy billows roll.

Long on thy progreſs, Autumn, ſhall my feet
Attend obedient! O'er the unclouded ſky,
The foreſt world of ſhade, the gleamy vales,
And ſunny lawns, and ſtreams in hazy light
Glittering, when thy peculiar ſtillneſs reigns,
As nature kept a ſabbath; when the leaf
Shed from the aërial ſpray ſcarce quivering drops
Through the lull'd atmoſphere, be mine to hail

Thy noon's unruffled calm. And when thy winds
Preſageful, ere the brooding ſtorms advance,
Sweep through the upper air; be mine at eve
To climb yon ſteep, and wandering in its groves,
Groves yet umbrageous, liſten while the gale,
Unfelt by me, ſounds in their ſhadowy tops,
As through a diſtant region borne, and ſeems
To tell the converſe of another world.
And when thy tempeſts darken earth and heaven,
And laſh the ſtraining wood; when eddying wild,
Denſe as the ſnow-flakes which the unwearied North
Shakes on the buried cliffs of Labrador,
The flood of leaves deſcends; then be it mine
Beneath the ſafeguard of a cloſe retreat
To mark thy vengeful arm, and hear thy ſhout
Impatient on the bands of Winter call
To haſte and ſeize the deſolated year.
Mild is thy brow this morn. A gentle froſt
Spangles with icy dew the graſs. The rime
Floats thin diffuſed in air; not as condenſed
By wintry vapour its impervious fog
Blots out the neighbouring covert, every twig
Thickening with feathery ſilver, and the locks
Of peaſant wilder'd in the dazzling gloom;
But twinkling in the ſun its lucid veil
Softens each harder outline, and apace

Before the aſcending radiance melts away.
Where in the hollow footſteps of the herd
The ſhower's cool reliques ſtagnate, cryſtal ſhoots
Start from the ſides; and interſecting oft,
And link'd in union, while the bibulous earth
Still from beneath the liquid prop withdraws,
Hang their white network gliſtening o'er the void.
Lo! on yon branch, whoſe naked ſpray o'ertops
The oak's ſtill cluſtering ſhade, the fieldfares ſit
Torpid and motionleſs, yet peering round
Suſpicious of deceit. At our approach
They mount, and, loudly chattering from on high,
Bid the wild woods of human guile beware.
Ye ſtrangers *, baniſh'd from your native glades,
Where tyrant Froſt with Famine leagued proclaims,
"Who lingers, dies;" with many a riſk ye win
The privilege to breathe our ſofter air,
And glean our ſylvan berries. O'er the breadth
Of ocean from relentleſs ſkies, from waſtes
By winter petrified, from foreſts whelm'd
Beneath their glittering load, ye come to aſk

* Fieldfares migrate hither in autumn from the northern parts of Europe, being forced thence by the exceſſive rigour of the ſeaſon in thoſe regions. See Pennant's Britiſh Zoology, vol. i. p. 304.

A tranſient hoſpitality. Nor force
Nor fraud ye meditate: yet, rouſed at once
By the firſt murmur of your diſtant wings,
The kite, the buzzard, and each hooked beak
And griping talon thirſteth for your blood.
The ſchoolboy, from his irkſome toil ſet free,
Proud of the gun now firſt poſſeſs'd, on you
The firſt rude effort of deſtruction tries.
He marks your ſtation, ſteals beneath the ſhade,
Scarce dares with long-ſuſpended ſtep to preſs
The ground, leſt leaves ſhould ruſtle; trembles, pants,
With hope, and fear; his diſconcerted aim
Renews; with faltering hand the trigger draws,
And at the ſudden thunder ſtarts diſmay'd.
Even the dull ruſtic as he plods along
By hedgerow ſide, or in the foreſt roves,
Obſerves you, as ye pick your ſcanty food,
And whirls the dangerous pebble. What can guard,
Ye unoffending helpleſs viſitants,
From ſnares and death your perſecuted tribes?
He, who upholds the archangels: He, who marks
With omnipreſent eye the ſmalleſt form
That lives, with arm omnipotent ſuſtains:
He, who inſpired your flight from ſnow-clad waſtes
To happier ſhores unknown; and from the depths
Of ſin and miſery for deſponding man

Has paved a path in mercy, and with voice
Of love divine bids the repentant ſoul
Riſe heir of heaven, nor dread the gulph of death.
How richly varied is the ſcene! In vain
Spring with her emerald verdure, and the tints
Of bloom from every tree and ſhrub and herb
Breathing its odour; Summer's hand in vain,
Thickening with greens mature the wood, with wreaths
Of pendent woodbine linking buſh to buſh,
And ſpreading o'er the bank her bloſſom'd furze
Ardent with gold, would emulate the charms
Of waning Autumn. What though one brief night
Of premature ſeverity, one blaſt
Whirling the ſleety hail, would ſtrip the boughs,
As peſtilence the crowded city thins?
What though already on yon windy brow
The lime and aſh with unreſiſting fear
Their ſtation have deſerted? Unſubdued
The mighty foreſt riſes, and diſplays
His radiant files. Seize we the preſent hour,
And trace the fleeting glories ere they fade.
Mark the nice harmony which blends the whole
In one congenial maſs, brilliant, yet chaſte,
With every dye that ſtains the withering leaf
Glowing, yet not diſcordant. Hither come,

Ye ſons of imitative art *, who hang
The fictions of your pencils on our walls,
And call them landſcapes: where incongruous hues
Seem their conſtrain'd vicinity to mourn;
Where gaudy green with gaudy yellow vies,
And blues and reds with adverſe aſpect glare.
Here deign to learn from nature. Hither come,
Ye ſons of imitative art, who ſpot
With unconnected and unnumber'd lights
Your motley canvas; where the eye in vain
Longs for a reſting-place, and vainly ſtrives
To trace the dim deſign, mid dazzling ſpecks
And univerſal glitter undeſcried.
Here deign to learn from nature: here, though late,
Learn the peculiar majeſty which crowns
The foreſt, when the ſlowly paſſing clouds
Triple † preponderance of ſhadow ſpread,

* It is ſcarcely neceſſary to ſay that the following lines refer only to the works of ſome particular painters, and are by no means intended to convey indiſcriminate cenſure.

† The painters moſt ſkilled in the management of light generally allow not above one quarter of the picture for the lights, including in this portion both the principal and ſecondary lights; another quarter is as dark as poſſible; the remaining half in middle tint. Sir Joſhua Reynolds's Notes on Mr. Maſon's Tranſlation of Dufreſnoy's Art of Painting, p. 98.

And ſeparate * the broad collected lights
With correſponding gloom: whether, beneath
Theſe oaks, that o'er the darken'd foreground hang,
The illumined valley ſhines, the paſturing deer;
Or yon receſs admits the fronting ray
Between its duſky barriers; or a gleam,
Stretch'd o'er the tufted ſurface of the woods,
Deepens the blackneſs of contiguous ſhade.
Thus with the rays of noon when Etna blends
Her vollied flame, nor with contraſting depth
Of ſmoke and ſulphurous ſteam the glare furrounds,
Scarce ſeen, ſcarce fear'd, the ſickly blaze expires.
Wouldſt thou ſurvey her terrors? Wait the hour,
When from her caves projected Stygian clouds

* In the grouping of lights there ſhould be a ſuperiority of one over the reſt; they ſhould be ſeparated, and varied in their ſhapes; and there ſhould not be leſs than three lights. The ſecondary lights ought, for the ſake of harmony and union, to be of nearly equal brightneſs, though not of equal magnitude, with the principal. Sir J. Reynolds's Notes on Dufreſnoy, p. 96. Yet neither any one of theſe ſecondary lights, nor all of them together, muſt come into any degree of competition with the principal maſs of light. Sir J. Reynolds's Seven Diſcourſes, p. 106. The higheſt finiſhing is labour in vain, unleſs at the ſame time there be preſerved a breadth of light and ſhadow—the ſlighteſt ſketch, where this breadth is preſerved, will have effect. Notes on Dufreſnoy, p. 99.

Inceſſant riſe, and air, earth, ſea involve
In more than midnight gloom. Then mark the burſt
Of ſplendor from the glowing crater ſtart
To heaven; behold the electric flaſh oblique *
Break through the darkneſs; view the exploded rocks †
Trail their long light; prone down the mountain's ſide
Watch the red deluge o'er the works of man,
Hamlet and city, mead and cultured plain,
With indiſcriminate deſtruction roll'd,

* Sir William Hamilton, in his Obſervations on Mount Etna, Veſuvius, and other Volcanos, mentions this phenomenon as a conſtant attendant on great eruptions. "Small aſhes fell all day "at Naples. They iſſued from the crater of the Volcano, and "formed a vaſt column as black as the mountain itſelf, ſo that "the ſhadow of it was marked out on the ſurface of the ſea. "Continued flaſhes of forked or zigzag lightning ſhot from this "black column." Ed. 2d, p. 37. See alſo p. 38, 39, and the note, and p. 46. 85. "I find in all the accounts of great erup-"tions mention made of this ſort of lightning, which is diſtin-"guiſhed here by the name of Ferilli." Ib. p. 164.

† "I have ſeen ſtones of an enormous ſize ſhot up to a great "height from Veſuvius. In 1767 a ſolid ſtone, meaſuring twelve "feet in height and forty-five in circumference, was thrown a "quarter of a mile from the crater." Sir William Hamilton's Obſervations, p. 49, note. He adds that "the eruption of 1767 "was very mild in compariſon with ſome others."

Plunge headlong into ocean. Ocean's waves,
Loud hiſſing, from the invading fires recoil * :
Catania's bulwarks rock; with tottering creſt
Thy towers, pale Syracuſe, the conflict hear;
And Rhegium ſhudders at the refluent tide.
Nature, in all her works harmonious, blends

* The Earl of Winchelſea, in his account of the eruption of Mount Etna in 1669, quoted by Sir William Hamilton, (Obſervations, p. 60,) deſcribes the ſtream of lava flowing upon the mountain as fifteen miles in length, and ſeven in breadth. "It may be "termed," he proceeds, "an inundation of fire, cinders, and "burning ſtones, burning with that rage as to advance into the "ſea ſix hundred yards, and that to a mile in breadth; which I "ſaw. And that which did augment my admiration was to ſee "in the ſea this matter like ragged rocks burning in four fathom "water, two fathoms higher than the ſea itſelf; ſome parts liquid, "and throwing off the ſtones about it; which, like a cruſt of a "vaſt bigneſs, and red hot, fell into the ſea every moment in "ſome place or other, cauſing a great and horrible noiſe, ſmoke, "and hiſſing in the ſea."

During the eruption of Mount Veſuvius in June and July 1794, the lava ran from the ſide of the mountain in a torrent half a mile wide, and from twelve to forty feet high, through the middle of the town of Torre del Greco: deſtroying the houſes and vineyards in its progreſs, and forming a new promontory twenty-four feet high, and extending ſix hundred and twenty-ſix feet into the ſea. See Sir W. Hamilton's account of this eruption delivered to the Royal Society.

Extremes with ſoft gradation, and with tints
Kindred throughout her changeful robe adorns.
Bounds yon unbroken wood the level plain?
Light groups detach'd and ſolitary trees
Unite them. Weave yon buſhes o'er the hill
Uninterrupted thickets? Furzy brakes
Aſpire to meet them. Spreads the furzy brake?
With varying breadth the intruding greenſward winds,
And the rude maſs with velvet maze divides.
And lo, even now, when with autumnal gold
She decks the lofty branch, on every twig
Of humbler growth the many-colour'd fruit
Mindful ſhe hangs. With ſcarlet crown the briar
Glitters: the thorn its ruddy cluſters bend:
Scarce can the ſloe ſuſtain its purple load,
Not yet from taſte auſtere, puckering the lip
And diſappointed tongue, by froſt reclaim'd;
While from the prickly ſhoots pale bryony,
Twined round the oft encircled ſtem, ſuſpends
Its lucid berries: rich in gloſſy balls,
Privet's dark ſpikes with trembling luſtre gleam.
What though yon holly's cold unalter'd green,
That oak emboſoming, with contraſt harſh
Had met the ſplendid foil that glows above?
Cinctured with reddening zones, the fertile ſpray,

Like Indian maiden girt with coral beads *,
Blends with the ſylvan monarch's gorgeous robe
Tints that his gorgeous robe will not diſdain.
Nor leſs the ground its hues accordant joins,
With faded leaves beſtrewn, and floating wings
Of ruſſet fern o'erſhadow'd, whence upſtarts
The woodcock: ſhe who in Norwegian dell,
Or birchen glade Lapponian, near the ſwamp
Suck'd from the ſpongy ſoil the prey, to cheer
Her tawny young; till Winter's icy car,
On Summer's ſtep cloſe † preſſing, from his realm
Warn'd her, and earth her probing beak repell'd.
As when the gunner, in his ſtubbly way
Pauſing his arms afreſh to prime, ſuſpends
The lifted flaſk, and turns his ready ear,
If to her brood the long-loſt partridge call:
Or as, when midnight ſtills the Atlantic wave,
The pilot, if a ſound that ſeems to tell
Of diſtant breakers float upon the breeze,
Stands motionleſs in deep attention loſt:
Beneath yon oak why liſtening pauſe the deer?

* "The villas with which London ſtands begirt,
"Like a ſwarth Indian with his belt of beads." COWPER.

† Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. Scheffer's Hiſtory of Lapland, p. 61.

They wait the falling acorn. Hark! it leaps
From the bare bank. Obedient to the ſound
At once they turn, and ſeize it; then reſume
Their patient ſtand, and wiſh the riſing gale.
Aloft in mazy courſe the golden wren *
Sports on the boughs; ſhe who her ſlender form
Vaunting, and radiant creſt, half dares to vie
With thoſe gay wanderers †, whoſe effulgent wings
With inſect hum ſtill flutter o'er the pride
Of Indian gardens, while the hollow tongue
Explores the flower, and drains the honied juice.
Now chiller evenings and the near approach
Of winter from the anxious cottage draw
Yon group in ſearch of fuel. Youthful hands
Gather the ſcatter'd ſticks; or wield the pole

* The golden-creſted wren is the leaſt of Britiſh birds. It may readily be diſtinguiſhed, not only by its ſize, but by the beautiful ſcarlet mark on the head, bounded on each ſide by a yellow line. It frequents woods, and is found principally on oak trees. Though ſo ſmall a bird, it endures our winters. Pennant's Britiſh Zoology, vol. i. p. 379, 380.

† "Humming-birds ſubſiſt on the nectar or ſweet juice of flowers—they never ſettle on a flower during the action of extracting the juice; but flutter continually like bees, moving their wings very quick, and making a humming noiſe, whence their name." Latham's Synopſis of Birds, p. 770. On the ſtructure of the tongue of the humming-bird, ſee ibid. p. 745.

Arm'd with light ſickle, and the mouldering bough
Pluck down with tiptoe efforts oft renew'd:
While the dead ſtump that ſturdy peaſant hews;
Or, looking watchful round leſt prying eyes
Obſerve him, from the oak by tempeſts torn
Rends off the ſhiver'd ruin with its load
Of leafy ſpray. Backward he throws his weight,
And tugs with iron graſp: in vain the branch
Recoils with ſtart elaſtic, and in vain
Still by tough ſplinters to the trunk adheres.
And lo, yon boy in wanton miſchief tears
The ivy twiſted in contortions rude,
Round the tall maple, and the ſtem divides
With ſtroke malicious. Soon the verdant maſs,
Robb'd of its wonted nutriment, ſhall fade.
Yet ſhall the lifeleſs tendrils ſtill maintain
Their graſp; and, deaf to Spring's reviving call,
To May's bright greens a duſky foil oppoſe.
Stranger, who gazeſt on its tangled bower,
Where oft the owl, impatient of the blaze
Pour'd from meridian ardours, dozed in gloom
Impenetrable, then with frighted wing
Long time heard labouring in the deep receſs
Broke forth, when clamorous children ſaunter'd by;
Mourn'ſt thou its ruin'd honours? Hither turn,
And mark where, never more to vernal ſuns

And ſhowers reſponſive, proſtrate on the earth
A nobler ruin lies, yon oak, the boaſt
Of unrecorded centuries. With hound
And horn when Tudor through theſe coverts urged
His game, the monarch oft in mid purſuit
Stopp'd ſhort; and to his nobles wondering round
Pointed this mighty trunk, with royal praiſe
Dwelt on its growth majeſtic, and forgot,
Enraptured with its ſhade, the flying deer.
Ages roll'd on; and ſtill its awful creſt
In ſhadowy ſtate above the foreſt roſe:
And ſtill the traveller with admiring gaze
Hail'd from afar the ſovereign of the wood.
But Time, the foe who never knew deſpair,
Who cruſh'd proud Troy, who cleft thy bulwarks, Rome,
And ſees with ſcorn the pilgrim ſearch in vain
The ſpot where Babel ſtood, his ſtorms array'd,
Summon'd his mildews from the venom'd Eaſt,
Breathed his green damps, the giant fabric ſhook,
Curtail'd its boughs, its leafy honours thinn'd,
And mined its inmoſt heart. Yet long it met
The war, ſore bruiſed but dauntleſs; and its arms,
Shiver'd and bleach'd, as in defiance rear'd,
Frowning with ſemblance of primeval ſtrength.

Till, as a ſtate by ſlow corruption ſapp'd,
Whence one by one the cankering peſt withdraws
Each buttreſs of its grandeur, at the root
Decay'd it totter'd. The autumnal blaſt
Snapp'd the few ſlender ſtrings that fix'd the ſhell,
Sad remnant of the ponderous trunk. The craſh
Earth heard, and ſhudder'd; mindful of the hour
Foredoom'd ere time began, when all her pomp,
The boaſt of nature and the pride of art,
Shall ſink for ever; when herſelf ſhall hear
The knell that calls her to her fiery grave,
Drink the laſt glimmerings of the expiring ſun,
Cloſe her laſt round, and fill her place no more.
How forcible the contraſt! Light and gloom,
Beauty and grandeur with contending powers
Heighten the landſcape! On the tufted heads
Of theſe ſteep woods, that hurry down the ſlope
With headlong plunge eager to meet the vale,
A flood of radiance reſts, with brighter hues
Bids Autumn glow, and tells each break that marks
The indented ſurface: while, as mighty fleets
From Indian ſhore deep-laden ſtretch their wings
Athwart the ſhadowy main, yon low-hung clouds
O'er hamlets faint, and dim-diſcover'd meads,
And village towers above the encircling trees

S. Gilpin del. Published December 1st 1797. by Cadell & Davies, Strand. Medland Sculp.t

"These glades at early dawn he pierced, & hung
Even on yon oak his lyre:"

Peering obſcure, in pomp of darkneſs float,
And lurid purple chills the expanſe beneath.
There, where in curves now loſt, now traced again,
A wandering luſtre, as from rippling ſtreams
Reflected, plays ambiguous, oft the heron,
Poſted in Dove's rich meads, with patient guile
And pale gray plumes with watery blue ſuffuſed
Stands like a ſhadow: then with out-ſtretch'd neck,
While near with ſidelong gait the fowler creeps,
Riſes, and, ſteering to the diſtant fen,
Shrieks from on high, and flaps her ſolemn wing.
Hence northward to yon ridgy heights the eye
Glances at large. Lo their magnetic tops
Have ſeized the paſſing cloud: the torrent rain
Smokes on their deluged ſides. The ſhower drives on:
Hill after hill ſucceſſive diſappears
Before the encroaching vapour. Loſt awhile,
They mingle with the ſky: now far behind
Gradual emerge, obſcurely through the rear
Of the ſpent ſtorm diſcern'd; now glimmer faint
With watery beams; now through the freſhen'd air
Swell on the ſight, and laugh in cloudleſs day.
There, mid disjointed cliffs and tranquil ſhades,
Low in his native dale, with ſtream as pure
As melts from Alpine ſnows Dove laves his rocks

Wild as by magic planted, yet with grace *
Of ſymmetry arranged ; now foaming darts
Along the ſtony channel, tufted iſles
Now circles, now with glaſſy ſurface calm
Reflects the impending glories of his hills.
There Contemplation at the fall of eve,
By gurgling waters lull'd, with downcaſt gaze
Pores on each inſect form, that ſkims the deep,
Each graſſy blade, that vibrates in the ſtream :
Then the green ſlopes, the craggy barrier views,
And ſylvan gloom ſequeſter'd : then to heaven
Lifts an adoring glance, and thinks on Thee,
Maker of all that lives, of all that, void
Of life, with beauty charms, with grandeur awes,
Dims with admiring gratitude the eye,
With holy rapture ſwells the kindling heart.
Or turn we ſouthward, where on yonder cliff
Dove, o'er thy ampler wave projecting ſhine

* " From the deſcription given of Dovedale, even by men of " taſte, we had conceived it to be a ſcene rather of curioſity than " of beauty. We ſuppoſed the rocks were formed into the moſt " fantaſtic ſhapes; and expected to ſee a gigantic diſplay of all " the conic ſections. But we were agreeably deceived. The " whole compoſition is chaſte, and picturesquely beautiful, in a " high degree." Mr. Gilpin's Obſervations on the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland, &c. vol. ii. p. 228.

Thoſe ivy-mantled towers * ; towers once with ſighs
Sadden'd of captive Mary, jocund once
With minſtrelſy, when Lancaſter convened
The throng of barons in his feſtive hall.
Stretch'd in her cell with pallid cheek the Queen,
And tears faſt dropping from her beamleſs eyes,
Wore the long months of grief. With anguiſh faint
If ever the freſh gale ſhe ſought to breathe ;
The ſullen portal thundering as it cloſed,
The huge portcullis ruſhing from above,
The frowning battlement and guarded wall,
Preſcribed her limits. Through the ſtony chink,
Wont on the near approaching foe to pour
The arrowy ſtorm, on theſe wild banks ſhe gazed :
While Fancy, miniſter of woe, with hand
Officious to her view preſented ſtill
Gay troops of foreſt deer unpriſon'd airs
Inhaling, and as frolic ſport inſpired,
Bounding unfetter'd. To new dungeon toſt
From dungeon, her unpitying rival's ear
With fruitleſs prayer ſhe plied. The cold excuſe,
The taunt, the ſtudied ſilence of neglect,

* Tutbury Caſtle, once the priſon of Mary Queen of Scots; and in earlier times the reſidence of John of Gaunt.

Silence than cold evaſion and than taunt
More keen, ſhe bore: yet dreams of brighter hours
Still cheriſh'd; and ſtill hoped, and hoped in vain,
To burſt the chains which envious hate had twined;
Till Freedom on the ſable ſcaffold's height
Stood hand in hand with all-ſubduing Death,
To end her bondage. Other ſcenes the bard
Crown'd with high harpings; when unnumber'd lights
Illumed the fretted roof, the pendent arms
That deck'd the wall; and glowing through the rows
Of adverſe windows, where the cryſtal plain
Art's richeſt tracery ſpread, proclaim'd afar
The princely feaſt of Lancaſter. He roſe:
Mirth ceaſed her tumult; every ſound was huſh'd;
All from their ſeats bent forward. Age and youth,
Warriors, and gorgeous dames enraptured heard
The tale of antient years, the tale of arms
In glorious cauſe triumphant: then allured
To ſadder themes, with miſty eyeballs learn'd
Of youths before an aged parent's face
In their firſt onſet ſlain; or from the ſword
Of hoſtile inroad, while on foamy ſteeds
They bore the plighted objects of their love,
Headlong from midnight precipices hurl'd,
Or plunged in trackleſs bogs, abſorb'd, and loſt.

Oft as his lord, to grace the feſtal day,
When knighthood's champions on the liſted field
Should couch in emulous career the lance,
Bade him the ſong prepare; theſe ſylvan depths,
Theſe glades at early dawn he pierced, and hung
Even on yon oak his lyre: then muſing ſtray'd;
Then vocal tried the meditated lay,
And ſwept the ſtrings; while echo ſwell'd the chords
Of harmony divine, and flocking deer,
Thoughtleſs of food, in liſtening wonder gazed.
Man loves the foreſt. To the general flame
My breaſt is not a ſtranger. I could rove
At morn, at noon, at eve, by lunar ray,
In each returning ſeaſon, through your ſhades,
Ye reverend woods! could viſit every dell,
Each hill, each breezy lawn, each wandering brook,
And bid the world admire; and when at laſt
The ſong were cloſed, each magic ſpot again
Could ſeek, and tell again of all its charms.
But let me check the partial ſtrain, nor ſwell
With indiſcriminate and trivial praiſe
The long deſcription; leſt attending youth
And virgin innocence outwearied loathe
The injudicious rapture, and contemn
What elſe had touch'd the heart. When Genius dies
(I ſpeak what Albion knows), ſurviving friends,

Eager his bright perfections to diſplay
To the laſt atom, echo through the land
All that he ever did, or ever ſaid,
Or ever thought; recount the coats he wore,
Who made his wig, who ſerved him with rappee;
Whether 'twas March, or April, when he told
The ſtory of the pig that croſs'd the lane,
And tripp'd the ill-fated huckſter in the mire;
Whether he cream'd his teacup firſt, or when
'Twas fill'd and ſugar'd; whether trout or pike,
Veal or boil'd chicken, pleaſed his palate moſt.
Then for his writings—ſearch each deſk and drawer,
Sweep his portfolio, publiſh every ſcrap
And demi-ſcrap he penn'd; beg, borrow, ſteal
Each line he ſcribbled, letter, note, or card,
To order ſhoes, to countermand a hat,
To bid his ſervant bottle off the ale,
To make inquiries of a neighbour's cold,
Or aſk his company to ſupper. Thus,
Fools! with ſuch vile and crumbling traſh they build
The pedeſtal, on which at length they rear
Their huge Coloſſus, that beneath his weight
'Tis cruſh'd and ground; and leaves him dropt aſlant,
Scarce raiſed above the height of common men.
I would not praiſe you thus, ye foreſt wilds!
With warm yet ſober tints, with pencil true

To juſt diſcrimination, yet averſe
To load the o'erlabour'd canvas, I would paint
Your choicer ſcenes. O could I wake the lyre
Like him *, who, lingering on the banks of Ouſe,
To nature faithful, and to nature's King,
Purſues the nobleſt of poetic aims,
That only aim which gives the poet's lay
A title to the meed of genuine praiſe;
Who, blending † in his ſong with honeſt art
The faithful monitor's and poet's care,
Seeks to delight that he may mend mankind,
And while he captivates exalt the ſoul!
He ſweeps the lyre: one hand excites the ſtrings,
Whence ſtarts each glowing image that preſents
Perfect as life the charms that deck the face
Of earth; the other, with ſymphonious touch,
Rouſes the hallow'd chords that ſwell the heart,
And lift it to its God. O were my notes,
Ye woodlands, with his ſacred fervour warm'd,
Sweet as his muſic; to the ſlave whom pride
Tortures, whom avarice goads, or thirſt of power
Long days and ſleepleſs nights hath ſcorch'd; to her
Whom dragg'd in triumph at his chariot wheels

* Cowper.

† See Cowper's Poems, edit. 4th, vol. i. p. 179, near the top.

Imperious Diſſipation whirls through life,
And hurries from the nurſery to the grave
Without one interval of thought, or time
To aſk, "Who placed me here; why was I form'd;
"What ſhall I be hereafter?" I would ſpeak
The calm that ſtills your wilds, their gueſt o'erſpreads
Diffuſive, creeps along the conſcious frame,
Bids pauſe each artery, ſtays each active limb,
Each rebel paſſion chains, and through the ſoul
Breathes holy peace and univerſal love.
For ſince the globe firſt roll'd, in every land
Your ſhades, ye foreſts, the deluded heart
To heavenly meditation ſtill have call'd;
And every ſong, that glorified your God,
Have heard with eager gladneſs. Ye with joy,
Freſh from his Maker's hand when man aroſe,
Saw him in wondering homage kneel; ye bade
Your yet unpractiſed echoes ſwell the ſound
High as the Eternal's throne, when grateful praiſe
Firſt broke the ſilence of the new-born world.
Ye, when with bloody arm infuriate Rome,
Pagan or Papal, from the haunts of men
Chaſed the firm band whom truth forbade to yield,
Crouch to her prieſts, and worſhip at her nod:
Ye ſcreen'd their flight, with hoſpitable gloom
Shelter'd their anguiſh, and with mingling boughs,

Vocal to prayer, a ſylvan fane ſupplied.
O yet, even yet, your ſacred influence breathe,
Oft as I tread your leaf-ſtrewn paths; to reſt
Lull each tumultuous wiſh; with reverent awe
My heart inſpire; and, as your ſtately growth
Purſues its heaven-directed aim, exalt
My thoughts from earth, and point them to the ſkies!
Man loves the foreſt. Since in Eden's groves
His ſire, yet innocent, enraptured view'd
"Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade *,
"Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
"A ſylvan ſcene," man has the foreſt loved.
Thoſe groves no autumn knew: eternal ſpring
With all the bleſſings of the varied year
In rich profuſion crown'd them. But when Death
Seized on his prey, fall'n man, Deſtruction ſtretch'd
Acroſs the woods her ſceptre. With the axe
She fells them: with the tempeſt by the roots
Headlong uptears them: with the ſcythe of Time
She lays them low: and yearly o'er their boughs
Flings as in ſcorn a many-colour'd robe;
Then ſtrips the tranſient pomp, and ſcoffs the wilds
Naked and chill'd in emblematic death.

* Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, book iv. line 138—140.

Yet ſhall unfading Spring her ſway reſume
In that new promiſed earth, promiſed by voice
Of power unbounded and unfailing truth;
Where by no ſin to deſolation doom'd,
For ſin ſhall not be there, no ſtorms annoy'd,
No violence ravaged, no decay impair'd,
Thy works, great God, for ſuch thy will, ſhall ſtand
Firm through the ages of eternity!

WALK THE FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

Prognoſtics of Snow—Man ignorantly repines at its Fall—A Traveller—apprehends a Storm, and previouſly arms himſelf to encounter it—is caught by it on the middle of a Foreſt—The Storm at length ceaſes—Addreſs to thoſe who are ſtruggling with Difficulties in Life—Patient Hope exemplified.

WALK THE FIFTH.

WINTER.—SNOW.

At length the ſnows deſcend. Her axis thrice
The earth has circled, ſince the northern blaſt
Grew keener, veering eaſtward; and while froſt
With richer blue the arch ethereal dyed,
Incumbent on the gray horizon's verge
A ſettled gloom has hung. This morn, when firſt
Above the ſummit of yon oak the ſun
With tardy gleam aroſe, a fleecy ſhower
Tinging with thin-ſpread white the frozen brook,
The bareworn track, and cloſe-depaſtured plain,
Accompanied his courſe. Ere long he chaſed
The congregated vapour: yet, while noon
Maintain'd her empire, from ſome formleſs cloud,
Whoſe filmy veil by rapid eyes unſeen
Dimm'd, and ſcarce dimm'd, the azure vault of heaven,

Deſcending oft the ſolitary flake
Foretold the ſecret purpoſe of the ſkies.
Now mid-day warmth declines: denſe haze obſcures
The turbid atmoſphere: the clouds advance,
Not as the vehicles of rain, diſpoſed
In ſeparate maſſes, and of varying hue;
Not as the manſions of rebounding hail,
Lurid and dark; nor thoſe where thunder dwells,
Of wildeſt forms, ſcowling with purple dyes,
And 'gainſt the nether ſtreams of air propell'd
By their own currents; but of aſpect dun,
Of texture uniform, and blending quick
In one unbroken ſurface, onward move
In firm array, and load the riſing gale.
Athwart the expanſe of air behold them ſtretch
Their duſky mantle. Louder, louder ſtill,
Now pauſing, now with hollow ſwell prolong'd,
The wind exalts his voice; and ſweeping wild
Claps o'er the ſounding earth his ſnowy wings,
And drives through heaven the horizontal ſtorm.
On the faſt whitening world impatient man
Gazes repining; and already views
The plough with forked handles through the drift
Projecting in the unfiniſh'd furrow ruſt;
The oxen doom'd to ſloth; the rapid waſte
Of hayſtack leſſening duly morn and eve

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"the traveller views
The well-known landmark, lifts to heaven his eyes
Swimming with gratitude."

Nor thinks that Heaven, oft kindeſt when with ſigns
Of wrath it lowers, ſends forth the loaded blaſt
With merciful commiſſion; bids the ſnows
Brood genial o'er the glebe, from blighting froſt
Shield infant harveſt, and the ſtiffen'd joints
Of beaſt and wearied hind prepare by reſt,
Salubrious though conſtrain'd, for future toil.
While thus the echoing tempeſt beats abroad,
Beneath the impervious covert of this wood
Of antient hollies, whoſe umbrageous growth
The guſts of Autumn have in vain aſſail'd,
Range we ſecure, and view the diſtant ſcene.
Mark on that road, whoſe unobſtructed courſe
With long white line the unburied furze divides,
Yon ſolitary horſeman urge his way.
He, not unmindful of the brooding ſtorm,
Ere yet by ſtrong neceſſity compell'd
Of preſſing occupation he exchanged
The blazing hearth, the firm-compacted roof,
For naked foreſts and uncertain ſkies,
With ſapient caution arm'd himſelf to meet
The Winter's utmoſt rage. In ſilken folds
Twice round his neck the handkerchief he twined.
His legs he caſed in boots of mighty ſize,
And ſtrength experienced oft; warm'd through and
through

In chimney-corner; and with gloſſy face
Prepared deſcending torrents to repel,
As roll the round drops from the ſilvery leaf
Of rain-beſprinkled colewort, or the plumes
Of ſeagull ſporting in the broken wave.
Then o'er his limbs the ſtout great-coat he drew,
With collar raiſed aloft, and threefold cape
Sweep below ſweep in wide concentric curves
Low down his back dependent; on his breaſt
The folds he croſs'd, and in its deſtin'd hole
Each ſtraining button fix'd: erect he ſtood,
Like huge portmanteau on its end uprear'd.
Fearleſs he ſallied forth; nor yet diſdain'd
The heartening draught from tankard capp'd with foam,
By hoſt officious to the horſeblock borne
With ſteady hand, and eloquently praiſed;
While lingering on the ſtep his eye he turn'd
To every wind, and mark'd the embattled clouds
Ranging their ſquadrons in the ſullen Eaſt.
How fares he now? Caught on the middle waſte,
Where no deep wood its hoſpitable gloom
Offers; no friendly thicket bids him cower
Beneath its tangled roof; no lonely tree
Warns him to ſeek its leeward ſide, and cleave,
Erect and into narroweſt ſpace compreſt,

To the bare trunk, if haply it may ward
The driving tempeſt: with bewilder'd haſte
Onward he comes. "Hither direct thy ſpeed;
"This ſheltering grove—" He hears not! Mark his head
Oblique, preſented to the ſtorm; his hand,
Envelop'd deep beneath the inverted cuff,
Strives to confine, with many a fruitleſs graſp,
His ever-flapping hat; the cold drench'd glove
Clings round the impriſon'd fingers. O'er his knees
His coat's broad ſkirt, ſcanty now proved too late,
He pulls and pulls impatient, muttering wrath
At pilfering tailors. Baffled and perplex'd,
With joints benumb'd and aching, ſcarce he holds
The rein, ſcarce guides the ſteed with breathleſs toil
O'erpower'd, and ſhrinking ſideways from the blaſt.
Behold that ſteed, with icy mane, and head
Depreſs'd, and quivering ears now forward bent,
Now backward ſwiftly thrown, and offering ſtill
Their convex penthouſe to the ſhifting gale;
Behold that ſteed, on indurated balls
Of ſnow upraiſed, like ſchoolboy rear'd on ſtilts,
Labour unbalanced: the fallacious prop,
Now this, now that, breaks ſhort: with ſudden jerk
He ſinks, half falling; and recovering quick,
On legs of length unequal reels along.

Scarce on his ſeat can clinging knees ſuſtain
The trembling rider: while the ſnow upheaves
In drifts athwart his courſe projected broad;
Or o'er the uncover'd gravel rattling ſweeps,
Caught up in ſudden eddies, and aloft,
Like ſmoke, in ſuffocating volumes whirl'd.
The road he quits unwary, wandering wide
O'er the bleak waſte, mid bruſhwood wrapt in ſnow,
Down rough declivities and fractured banks,
Through miry plaſhes, cavities unſeen,
And bogs of treacherous ſurface; till afar
From all that meets his recollection borne,
Diſmay'd by hazards ſcarce eſcaped, and dread
Of heavier perils imminent, he ſtands
Diſmounted, and aghaſt. Now Evening draws
Her gathering ſhades around; the tempeſt fierce
Drives fiercer. Chill'd within him ſinks his heart.
Home crowds upon his boſom. The wild blaſt
Appall'd he hears, thinks on his wife and babes,
And doubts if ever he ſhall ſee them more.
But comfort is at hand; the ſkies have ſpent
In that laſt guſt their fury. From the weſt
The ſetting ſun with horizontal gleam
Cleaves the denſe clouds; and through the golden breach
Strikes the ſcathed oak, whoſe branches peel'd and bare

'Gainſt the retiring darkneſs of the ſtorm
With fiery luſtre glow. The traveller views
The well-known landmark, lifts to heaven his eyes
Swimming with gratitude, the friendly track
Regains, and ſpeeds exulting on his way.
O ye, whom, ſtruggling on life's craggy road
With obſtacles and dangers, ſecret foes
Supplant, falſe friends betray, diſaſtrous rage
Of elements, of war, of civil broil
Brings down to Poverty's cold floor, while grief
Preys on the heart, and dims the ſinking eye;
Faint not! There is who rules the ſtorm, whoſe hand
Feeds the young ravens, nor permits blind chance
To cloſe one ſparrow's flagging wing in death.
Truſt in the Rock of Ages. Now, even now
He ſpeaks, and all is calm. Or if to prove
Your inmoſt ſoul the hurricane ſtill ſpread
Its licenſed ravages, He whiſpers hope,
Earneſt of comfort; and through blackeſt night
Bids keen-eyed Faith on heaven's pure ſunſhine gaze,
And learn the glories of her future home.
So when the ſon of patience heard the wreck
Of all his fortunes, camels, oxen, flocks,
Sons, daughters, all in one ſhort hour o'erwhelm'd;
And ere each meſſenger his tale of grief
Had cloſed, beheld another ſtill ſucceed

With wilder eyeballs, cheeks more deadly pale,
More trembling lips, portending heavier woes:
When every limb thy cankering tooth, Diſeaſe,
Gnaw'd to the bone: when ſcoffing friends arraign'd
His uprightneſs: when ſhe who ſhould have pour'd
Balm on his wounds, his conſort, mock'd his pangs
With venom'd taunt——"Still doſt thou boaſt thy
"faith?
"Renounce the ungrateful Power thou ſerv'ſt in vain;
"Defy his malice, ſhelter'd in the grave——"
His head to earth the ſufferer bow'd, with hands
Preſt on his boſom; yet his eyes upraiſed
In hope to heaven. "Father of all," he cried,
"Thy will be done! All was thy gift; thine own
"Thou haſt reſumed. Bleſt be thy hand that gave;
"And—peace, my heart!—bleſt when it takes away!
"Yet theſe poor limbs, of ſwarming worms the ſpoil,
"New life ſhall clothe, and rear them from the duſt.
"Thou liveſt, my Redeemer! At the hour
"In thy decrees ordain'd, careering clouds
"Shall ſpeak thine advent: earth beneath thy tread
"Shall ſhrink; this voice ſhall hymn thy love, theſe
"knees
"Adore thy power, theſe eyes behold their God!"

WALK THE SIXTH.

ARGUMENT.

Addreſs to Winter—A Thaw deſcribed—Froſt returns—Hannibal aſcending the Alps—A Foreſt Brook traced—The Effects of Froſt upon it—The Norwegian Traveller—The Wild-Duck—The Snipe—Cloud on a Mountain—Story of a Foreſt Youth—Naked Woods—Winter Appearance of the Oak—Aſh—Birch—Yew—Ivy—Holly—The Foxglove—Browſing of Deer—Cottage-Children aſſembling to gather the Branches—Effects of Winter—The never-ceaſing Speed of Time compared with the unrelenting Fury of War—A Foreſt Pool frozen—Diſappointment of the Cattle—Captain Monk wintering on the Shore of Hudſon's Bay—Leſſons inculcated by the ſeveral Seaſons—The Conſequences of neglecting the Voice of Nature and of Revelation—The Deluge—Addreſs to the Supreme Being.

WALK THE SIXTH.

WINTER.—FROST.

Winter, whom ſickneſs dreads, whom grief abhors,
While yet nor ſickneſs on my head nor grief,
Save with a gentle ſtroke, her ſceptre lays,
All-hail, by me nor dreaded nor abhorr'd!
Whether on thy approach the Southern breeze
Dims with blue damps the pallid face of day;
Or at thy word the cloud-diſpelling North,
Opening the depths of ether, depths unpierced
By Summer's eagle gaze, the brow of night
Binds with new gems, and arms with keener fire:
Whether on whirlwind pinions through the roar
Of torrent rains, or arrowy ſleet, or hail
With cryſtal bullets ſhattering blade and branch,
Thy car ſweeps onward; or with noiſeleſs wings,
While not a breath thy flagging ſtandard moves,
Cleaves the ſtill flood of prone-deſcending ſnows.
Whether, on earth impreſt, thy deadening foot

The land to iron chills, the floods to ſtone ;
Or vapoury warmth eſcapes thy changeful lips,
In univerſal thaw till Nature melts,
While Danube turbid from diſſolving hills
Appals the Auſtrian, and from Wyddfa's brow *
The pale Snowdonian oft at dead of night
Hears the diſparted fragment thunder down,
And views at peep of day its yawning courſe
Plow'd in long ruin through the ſloping wood ;
Still has thy varied aſpect charms for me.
Still haſt thou charms for thoſe whoſe mental eye
Views thee from Him, who rules the unnumber'd worlds,
Sent forth the miniſter of good to man :
Views thee with bleak viciſſitude endear
Suns of maturer glow, ſerener ſkies :
Views from thy piercing blaſt o'erlabour'd earth
Inhale new vigour, and in tranſient ſleep
Prepare the glories of the coming year !
The fleecy mantle that of late conceal'd
The lawns, and burying deep the furzy brake
Diſplay'd, upheaved in undulating mounds,
A rude reſemblance of the forms below,
Is vaniſh'd. From the ſouth diſſolving gales

* " Wyddfa, the higheſt peak of Snowdon." See Pennant's Tour in North Wales, vol. ii. 4to. 1781, p. 162. Art. Snowdonia.

Blew: the ſnows felt their influence. In the woods,
Humid and comfortleſs, from dawn to eve
Were heard inceſſant drippings, pattering loud
When the air moved the branches. The ſoft maſs
Beneath of every drop the impreſſion took,
Pierced into hollows numerous as the cells
That hide the golden treaſures of the bee.
Oft, from its lodgement on the forked bough
Sliding, a ſnowy heap with leaden ſound
Sunk buried in the unreſiſting floor.
Soon through the leſſening weight the elaſtic gorſe
Its murky ſhoots, by contraſt darker, puſh'd.
Soon on the level plain green ſpots emerged,
Where raiſed the buſy ant or delving mole
Her ſubterranean dwelling: floppy pools
In the ſurrounding pulp lay ſtagnant. Streams
From each low bank ran trickling; while above,
The new-born currents, pouring from the hills,
O'er the ſmooth ſlope in brown diffuſion ſtray'd,
Or deep in echoing gullies roar'd unſeen.
The brook, that late within its hollow bed
In glaſſy fetters mourn'd, the brittle chains
Shiver'd, and hail'd the tributary floods:
And oft by congregated piles of ice
Obſtructed, raged aloud, and ſtrew'd the vale
With fragments. Of the univerſal white

No ſpeck was left, ſave where in lonely dell,
Fronting the north, amid the general rout
Unawed its ſtation yet the drift maintain'd,
And ſeem'd to wait for ſuccour from the ſkies.
Thus when her ſtandard civiliſing Art
Plants on ſome barbarous ſhore, to mountains bleak
And craggy faſtneſſes his warrior ſons
The angry Genius of the waſte withdraws:
There bids them, from the influence abhorr'd
Of Science free, their ſanguinary rites,
Their manners rude, and ſavage laws uphold;
Till fate once more ſhall pour them from their caves,
Impatient o'er their long-loſt plains again
To ſpread the veil of ignorance and night.
Earth of its load was lighten'd, and abſorb'd
The moiſture; ſunny gleams and breezy air
The ſurface dried. Now Froſt again aſcends
His throne; and kindling with unclouded beams
The cope of Heaven, and fixing firm the ground,
Criſp to the tread, from hot and crowded rooms
Calls us his bracing atmoſphere to breathe,
And welcome his invigorating power.
Touch'd by his cheering energy, the heart
Beats livelier; the cheek reddens; through the frame,
While yet one loitering friend we ſummon oft
With loud impatience, every vein expands
With buoyant eagerneſs: we ſeem to tread

In air, the lawn even now while Fancy ſcours,
Darts o'er the valley, penetrates the woods
That ſhag yon ſlope, and on the naked brow
Pants, and with joy the freſher breeze inhales.
Thus when his hoſt o'er Alps oppoſed in vain
The Carthaginian led, the laſt aſcent
Labouring o'er icebuilt rocks as now they trod,
Gaſping for breath the way-worn myriads pauſed.
His bulk the wearied elephant reclined,
Uncurl'd his trunk, and drank the eternal ſnows.
Impatient of a moment loſt, the Chief
Preſs'd forward to the ſummit; flung an eye
Of tranſport o'er the wide-ſpread realms beneath;
Then turn'd, and frown'd, and call'd his lingering van;
Then gazed again on Italy: while Hope
Bade him with glance prophetic mark the ſtream,
Of Trebia choked with dead; bade him in thought
View Thraſymene's red waves o'er legions roll'd,
Sweep Cannæ's field, and ſhake the towers of Rome.
Bend we our ſteps beſide this foreſt brook,
And trace its windings. In yon flat moraſs,
Where ſpiry ruſhes in divergent files
Riſe fledged with rime, where many a ſtunted buſh,
Alder or ſallow, cropt by nibbling deer,
Betrays the dampneſs of the ſoil beneath,
From ſecret ſprings it murmurs. Iſſuing thence,

Awhile in naked channel o'er the plain
It wanders; now in ſhort and ſudden turns
Twiſting round narrow points, as though it fled
Back to its ſource; now in extended curves
Sweeping; now gliſtening in long reaches; now
With fretted ſurface and complaining ſound
Hurrying in bright caſcades. Then ſwift it dives
Into this ſylvan glen. Behold it whirl
In ſullen eddies round that alder's root;
And far within the brink, where half congeal'd
Lingers the foam, the trout's dark hold prepare:
Whence, as from couchant ambuſh on the fawn
Loitering beſide the jungle * ſprings the pard,
While brightening with ſucceſs his ſpotted ſides
Gliſten; the ſpeckled plunderer of the deep,
When June awakes her inſect tribes, ſhall dart
Fierce on the prey, while with unpractiſed wing
It ſports and flutters on the dimpled ſtream.
Here, the flat turf with eaſy flexure meets
The wave; abrupt the adverſe ſide deſcends
In contraſt bold, whence the aſpiring aſh,
Or time-worn maple ſtarts, or ſinewy oak
Deep-fixed with many a wreathed root o'erhangs

* The vaſt thickets in the Eaſt Indies, in which leopards and other wild beaſts lurk, are known by the appellation of Jungles.

The cavern'd margin. View the marly cliff,
Its baſe by oozing ſprings with froſtwork glazed,
Various beyond the forms which fancy weaves:
Lo cryſtal columns glitter; and diſpoſed
Tier above tier, pellucid cornices,
With plumy darts and ſparkling gems emboſs'd,
Tell to what height the current lately raiſed
Its ampler ſwell, and with diminiſh'd flood
Sunk gradual. Thus when Rome o'er Britiſh plains
The tide of conqueſt roll'd, her barrier wall,
To Glotta now thy ſnores, Bodotria, join'd *,
Now to thy ſand-banks, Solway, and the waves
Of coaly Tyne withdrew, as rapine ſped,
Or valour's patriot arm her range curtail'd,
And chaſed her baffled eagle from the prey.
Here, where the ſtream o'er pebbly ſhallows frets
With murmuring ſpeed, a narrow range of ice
Grows to the edge, or round the uncover'd ſtone
Concretes; or fringed with points projecting far,
Circles the gravelly iſland by the force
Of floods upraiſed. There, where the deeper reach
Spreads ſmooth, from ſide to ſide a glaſſy floor
Stretches, nor hides the twinkling rill beneath:

* The Friths of Clyde and Forth.

Or by the ſtream deſerted rears in air
Deluſive bridges, to the heedleſs foot
Of deer, or ſtranger haſting o'er the wild,
Dangerous, and loudly craſhing in their fall.
So when o'er Norway's rocks the mountaineer,
Forming on high the dizzy pathway, meets
Some rifted chaſm, in whoſe unfathom'd depth
The cataract foams, ſcarce heard above, and whirls
Its clouds of riſing vapour; o'er the void
The wither'd birch by ſtorms uptorn he throws.
Ere long within the bark * the treacherous wood
Moulders; and leaves the rind, a ſpecious ſhell,
Bridging the gulf. Beneath the traveller's weight
The ſpecious ſhell breaks ſhort. He ſhrieks unheard,
Falls undeplored, by pointed crags below
Awaited, and by torrents to the ſea
Swept headlong. Mid her babes his widow ſits
Penſive, and eyes the ſnow-clad hill in vain.
Lo! from its haunt, by crowding alders veil'd,

* The bark of the birch has the property of being more durable than the wood which it envelops. When M. Maupertuis, in his expedition to meaſure a degree of latitude, traverſed the birchen foreſts of Lapland, in which numbers of trees lay uprooted by the winds; he found, on examining thoſe which had been long blown down, that the ſubſtance of the wood was entirely gone, and that the apparently ſolid trunk conſiſted only of a ſhell of bark.

Where mantling in the ſtill unfrozen flood
Aquatic weeds breathe warmth, at our approach
Alarm'd on ſounding wing the wild duck ſoars,
And plies to diſtant ſolitudes her courſe.
The ſnipe flies ſcreaming from the marſhy verge,
And towers in airy circles o'er the wood,
Still heard at intervals; and oft returns,
And ſtoops, as bent to alight; then wheels aloft
With ſudden fear, and ſcreams, and ſtoops again,
Her favourite glade reluctant to forſake.
So on thy ſteeps, Helvellyn, when the air
Stagnates in noontide calm, a cloud reclines.
Eddying amid thy rocks ere long a breeze
Diſturbs its reſt. Unwilling from its couch
The vapour moves: now, by the guſt upborne,
Soars buoyant; now, whene'er the paſſing gale
Remits, with glad precipitance ſubſides,
And hangs and lingers on the attractive brow.
Once by yon poplars, through whoſe twinkling ſhade
With fruitleſs glance the oft-reflected beam
Struggled, nor reach'd the duſky flood beneath,
An ancient mill aroſe. The reſtleſs wheel
Scatter'd the ſparkling wave amid the gloom,
And broke the noonday ſilence of the wood.
'Twas there a youth with care fraternal ſooth'd
A much-lov'd ſiſter, while a parent loſt,

An aged mother whom his toil had fed,
Their mingling tears deplored. One ſummer eve,
As from ſhort abſence he return'd, her ſhrieks,
Shrieks as though racking pangs o'er life prevail'd,
He heard. The whirling millſtone, as ſhe moved
Unwitting of the danger, ſeized her arm,
And cruſh'd each muſcle. The remorſeleſs gripe
He looſed. Art lent its healing aid in vain.
Nine days in anguiſh o'er her couch he hung;
The tenth he cloſed her eyes. The murderous ſtone,
The floor ſtill ſpotted with a ſiſter's blood,
The conſcious poplars, and the fatal ſtream,
He could no more behold. His native land
He left for ever; ſtemm'd the weſtern main;
And, fix'd in depths of ſolitude to hide
His grief, on Pennſylvania's utmoſt bound,
Where to man's heaven-appointed rule her ſons
Bend the untamed wilderneſs, prepared
To rear his dwelling. The ſtupendous ſcene,
Unlike the humbler wild that gave him birth,
Amazed he view'd, the interminable waſte,
The woods of giant growth, the piny ſwamp
Darkening the humid air: and oft would note
Curious the wings unknown that croſs'd the glade,
And mark the ſcaly ſerpent as he ſlunk
Through ruſtling leaves, or darting onward ſhook

The warning rattle * ; or beſide the root
Of ſome time-honour'd trunk in ſpiral folds
Coil'd motionleſs, his faſcinating eye
Fix'd on the conſcious victim perch'd above.
Chain'd by the potent glance, the helpleſs prey
With piteous cries and wildly ruffled plumes
Flutter'd from bough to bough, deſcending ſtill,
Nor ſhunn'd the jaws of death that gaped below.
Meanwhile of rugged logs † his cot he framed,

* That the Rattleſnake frequents the latitude of Pennſylvania, appears from Carver's Travels through the interior Parts of North America, 2d ed. p. 43 ; and from Long's Voyages and Travels of an Indian Interpreter, p. 149. It is indeed found as far northward as lat. 49. See Long's Voyages, p. 159. The power which this animal poſſeſſes of *charming* his prey by fixing his eye upon it, is aſſerted by various witneſſes ; and its effect is thus deſcribed by Cateſby : " The animals, particularly birds and ſquirrels, which " principally are its prey, no ſooner ſpy the ſnake, than they ſkip " from ſpray to ſpray, hovering and approaching gradually nearer " to their enemy, regardleſs of any other danger ; but with diſ- " tracted geſtures and outcries deſcend, though from the top of " the loftieſt trees, to the mouth of the ſnake, who openeth his " jaws, takes them in, and in an inſtant ſwallows them." Hiſtory of Carolina, vol. ii. p. 41.

† In the third volume of the Memoirs of the Literary and Philoſophical Society of Mancheſter, a very curious and intereſting account of the mode of eſtabliſhing ſettlements in the remote parts of Pennſylvania is given by Dr. Ruſh of Philadelphia. Speaking of a ſettler in the woods, Dr. Ruſh ſays, p. 184: " His firſt object

And ſtopp'd each chink with moſs, leſt ſearching rains
Or ſnows by winter's guſty breath impell'd
Should drench his nightly couch: then from the ſoil
Clear'd the rough bruſhwood, and round every ſtem
Of ampler girth the fatal circle drew.
Blighted and wan the vernal foliage mourn'd
Its intercepted nutriment, and ſtrew'd

" is to build a ſmall cabin of rough logs for himſelf and his family. " A coarſer building, adjoining to this cabin, affords ſhelter to a " cow and a pair of poor horſes. The labour of erecting theſe " buildings is ſucceeded by that of killing the trees on a few acres " of ground near his cabin. This is done by cutting a circle round " the trees two or three feet from the ground. The ground around " theſe trees is then ploughed, and Indian corn planted in it."

Mr. Smyth, in a Tour in the United States of America, 8vo. London 1784, ſpeaks as follows: " The general mode of clearing " the land in this country, where timber is of no value and labour " is of great, is by cutting a circle round the tree through the " bark quite to the wood before the ſap riſes, which kills it. And " they cultivate the ground below immediately, leaving the trees " to rot ſtanding, which happens within a very few years; and " they never bear leaves more. A large field in this ſituation " makes a moſt ſingular, ſtriking, and tremendous appearance. " It would ſeem indeed dangerous to walk in it, as the trees are " of a prodigious height and magnitude: vaſt limbs and branches " of enormous ſize impending in awful ruins from a great height, " ſometimes breaking off, and frequently whole trees falling to the " ground with a horrible craſh, the ſound of which is increaſed " and protracted by the reverberation of the ſurrounding echoes." Vol. i. p. 94, 95.

The ground, as when the gale of autumn whirls
The leafy ſhower: the ſolitary trunks
Frown'd on the riſing harveſt. Time ere long
Looſen'd the roots, and tempeſts on the plain
The thundering downfall hurl'd: the midnight craſh
Startled the foreſt. Each ſucceeding ſpring
Beheld the waſte retire. The paſtured field,
The emerald meadow, and the waving gleam
Of corn by breezes moved, and all the charms
Of hard-earn'd home, bade peace the exile's brow
Dilate, and brighten the yet-heaving tide
Of antient ſorrow: in the void of air
As the red moon new riſen o'er Ocean hangs,
Streams a long line of radiance on the flood,
And golden billows welter to the ſhore.

One vernal eve, as wrapt in lonely thought
He traced his confines, from the bordering waſte
An aged man came forth: his tottering ſteps
With looks of filial love a maiden watch'd,
And propp'd him with her arm; and when he ſigh'd,
Sigh'd deeper, yet in haſte the ſound reſtrain'd,
Leſt he ſhould mark it. From the voice of woe
The exile never turn'd: the ſire he join'd,
And aſk'd his grief.—Long in a diſtant wild
He dwelt in peace. With malice unprovoked
And thirſt of plunder fired, an Indian band,

What time no pitying moonbeam ſpoke their guile,
Stole on his ſleep. At once with ſavage yell
The war-whoop echoed from the wood; the torch
Flung frequent ſeized the roof; the ſhiver'd door
Sunk from the ſtroke; his ſon the onſet braved
With fruitleſs arms; the ſhriek of death was heard,
And life's laſt drops the gaſhing tomahawk drain'd.
Fierce on the ſpoil the murderers ruſh'd: unſeen
The ſire and daughter fled, forlorn to roam,
Think on the ſlain, and beg their daily food.—
Thy throbbings, Memory, in the exile's breaſt
The ſad recital waked. With faltering lip
He ſooth'd the wanderers, to his manſion led,
And cried, "Behold your home! And may the Power
"Who ſeeming evil ſtill to good transforms,
"Who pitying ſaw, when ſorrow at your peace
"Her keeneſt arrows aim'd, as once at mine,
"Bind up the wound!" Nor many a moon had fired
And quench'd her varying creſcent, ere that home
Could pleaſe no more, unleſs the ſtranger maid
Call'd it of right her own. For ſhe was fair
As pictured Innocence; and mental grace
And humble Piety's ethereal flame
Glow'd in each feature. Soon the enraptured youth
The impaſſion'd ſecret told. With downcaſt eye
And burning cheek ſhe liſten'd to his tale;

S. Gilpin del. Published December 1st 1797 by Cadell & Davies, Strand. Medland Sculp.

"The prickly leaves
Fearless they crop!"

Own'd the quick pulſe that trembled at her heart,
And named it gratitude, but felt it love.
Weeping for joy the ſire their union hail'd;
With hands to heaven upraiſed his children bleſt:
And ſmiling years proclaim'd the bleſſing heard.
Climb we this brow; the groves, whoſe naked ſcenes
Still have their charms, invite us. In array
Compact they ſtand, a various hoſt; as when
The Empreſs of the north her ſubject tribes
Combined for war, the much enduring Ruſs
Slow-paced, the Kalmuck glorying in his ſpeed,
The dwarfiſh Laplander, Livonian huge,
Siberia's ſhaggy race, Circaſſia's ſons
For beauty famed, and Samoeide compreſs'd
In Nature's rudeſt mould. Imperial oak!
Hail on thy central lawn, while rang'd around
In pomp irregular to diſtance due
The ſubject woods retire. Of ſtrength ſupreme
Thy every feature tells. Thy rugged roots
Now ſeize with eagle graſp the earth, now heave
The incumbent ſoil. Thy huge and furrow'd trunk,
With many a rough protuberance emboſs'd,
The lapſe atteſts of numerous ages, fled
With all their generations. Deeply ſcorch'd,
Pierced, and ſnapp'd ſhort, thy top records a blaſt
Wing'd with tempeſtuous lightning, and with rage

Of Alpine ſtorm, for leſs had ne'er atchieved
The mighty boaſt, impell'd. Projected wide
O'er the bare plain with horizontal ſtretch,
Thy arms enormous, girt with wither'd leaves,
And tufted ſtill with miſtletoe, no more
By Druid hands and golden ſickle cropt,
Rear their abrupt contortions; and uphold
With firm ſupport the thickly-woven ſpray.
Defect of ſtrength compenſating with grace,
Behold the ſhapely aſh from yonder group
Advance: the ſtem, with moſſy broidure dark,
Its flowing line prolongs; in airy ſweep
Curve above curve the careleſs branches wave,
In beauty's facile bend then upward turn,
Studded with ſable gems, gems loth to yield
The leaves they ſhroud to April's fickle gale.
Behold the birch in mimic ſorrow droop,
With ſilver mantle torn, and wait the call
Of Spring in many a lucid rill to pour
Nectarean tears. Behold the ſable yew
In ever-during armour frown, and vaunt
Its boughs elaſtic, once of Albion deem'd,
What thou art now, imperial oak, the pride
And bulwark, when her ſons, at Freedom's nod,
On Kent's white cliffs and Cumbrian hills array'd,
Drew the long bow, and pointed ſhafts repell'd

Invading Gaul, and Caledonia's rage.
Nor leſs its wintry honours unimpair'd
The ivy boaſts: not as when freakt by art
With motley tints it decorates the wall
Of painted ſummer-houſe, or trim alcove:
But o'er its native thicket wanders wide,
Dark-robed; and round the thorn's impriſon'd trunk
Twiſting in hairy volumes, ſpreads its veil,
And loads the boughs with verdure not their own.
But foremoſt of the troop whoſe hardy files
Cloſe ranged, thy wrath, deſpoiling Autumn, ſcorn,
The holly glows; in ſummer's gaudy bower
Dull and unnoticed; now, when winter's voice
Roars through the wood, with native coral bright,
And armed leaves; as virtues in thy glare,
Proſperity, long torpid and unſeen,
When Fortune rolls her adverſe waves, break forth,
Refulgent. Now a ſolitary cone
On pale gray trunk it raiſes: now combines
Its crowded tops and intermingling ſtems
In ſocial groups: now ſtretches o'er the hills
In woods continuous, with nocturnal gloom
Still duſky, ſave where through ſome narrow cleft
The prying ray ſteals entrance; or a ſhower
Of ſplendid atoms twinkles in the ſun,
While the keen thruſh the berried twig invades,

Or from the rimy boughs the ringdove breaks.
Cloſe crowding to the roots the foxglove ſhuns
The peaſant's weighty tread; and rears its ſtems,
Summer's brown reliques, late with pendent bells
Reddening the wild, now wither'd and forlorn,
Fringed with dry fragments ruſtling in the breeze.
Thus o'er the warrior's urn while Victory bends
In monumental woe, his mighty lance
Sordid with duſt, and blunt with cankering age,
High on the wall mid tatter'd enſigns hangs,
And mouldering trophies of its paſt renown.
Why gleams the axe? Why falls the verdant branch?
Falls it with emblematic green to deck
The fane, or in the cheerful window twined
The village grace; while man adoring learns
The wonders of his Saviour's birth, or hails
With feſtal gratitude the newborn year?
Hark! louder ſtill the invaded woodlands groan;
And ampler deſolation ſtrews the ground.
Call'd by the well-known echoes, that announce
To every herd throughout the adjacent lawns
Scatter'd the hour of food, when ſylvan ſpoils
The ſhrivel'd herbage of the plain ſupply,
Lo the deer haſte: as when at farmyard gate
The noontide bell, ſwung long, and tinkling far,
The peaſant bands expecting due repaſt

Summons from many a field. The prickly leaves
Fearleſs they crop; then ſeize the ſlender ſhoots;
Then from the firmer branches ſtrip the rind,
Not doom'd the ſchoolboy's viſcous rods to arm,
And ſnare the antient tenants of the ſhade.
Hither, ye children of the cot, repair;
The herds have browſed their fill; the ſpoil is yours.
In thought even now I hear your buſy tongues:
I ſee your ruddy cheeks ſtill deeper dy'd
By the keen air: I ſee your purple hands
Drag the forſaken boughs: I ſee you bend
All playful o'er the evening hearth, and rub
The ſmarting eyeball, as ye watch the ſmoke
Burſt forth in puffs; or touch the ſteaming rind
With timorous finger oft and oft withdrawn;
While foamy ſap through every crevice boils,
And hiſſes in the half-extinguiſh'd fire.

Whether, ſtill green, with leafy guard the boughs
Encircled riſe, or bleak with horrent ſpray
Shiver in naked ranks, alike o'er all
Winter his petrifying ſceptre waves;
Hurls from her throne the Vegetative Power;
Chains in its harden'd rind the trunk; with cry
Terrific ſhakes the branches; in the bud
Seals up the leaflet; and in every vein
Curdles the ſtagnant ſap. Yet at thy name,

King of the tempeſts, though through all her realms
Creation ſhudders, and her feebler tribes
Torpid and whelm'd in deathlike ſleep ſurveys;
Time's active ſtrength nor flags nor ſlumbers: Time,
Numb'd by no froſt, retarded by no ſtorm,
Still ſpeeds his never-varied courſe, ſtill ſwells
With days and months and years his journey'd ſtore.
Nor ſhall his haſte be ſlacken'd, till he gains
The peak of that vaſt mountain, up whoſe ſteeps
Straining for ages he has toil'd; and treads
Unconſcious on the brink of the abyſs,
Thy gulph, Eternity, foredoom'd his grave,
Takes one ſtep more, and is for ever loſt.
Thus when its ſacred reſt the Sabbath breathes,
Labour's tired hand, the unyoked ox, the earth
Safe from the ſhare, repoſes; in the port
Thy din, cloſe anchoring Commerce, ſtuns no more;
Mute is the empty mart; unheard the rage
Of pleaders; Juſtice, with relenting brow,
Sheathes on the hallowed morn her ſword; a pauſe,
A ſolemn pauſe, all nature ſeems to feel,
Save in the frowning camp. War knows no reſt;
War owns no ſabbath; War, with impious toil
Unſpent, with blood unſated, to the fiends
Of vengeance ſtill rebellows, ſtill purſues
His work of death; nor pauſes, nor relents,
For laws divine, or ſight of human woe.

Sunk in the vale, whoſe concave depth receives
The waters draining from theſe ſhelvy banks
When the ſhower beats, yon pool with pallid gleam
Betrays its icy covering. From the glade
Iſſuing in penſive file, and moving ſlow,
The cattle, all unwitting of the change,
To quench their cuſtomary thirſt advance.
With wondering ſtare and fruitleſs ſearch they trace
The ſolid margin: now bend low the head
In act to drink; now with faſtidious noſe
Snuffing the marble floor, and breathing loud,
From the cold touch withdraw. Awhile they ſtand
In diſappointment mute; with ponderous feet
Then bruiſe the ſurface: to each ſtroke the woods
Reply; forth guſhes the impriſon'd wave
So when thy keel, adventurous Monk*, had plow'd
The Arctic ſtreight; when on the beach, convulſed

* Captain Monk was diſpatched in the year 1619 by Chriſtian IV. king of Denmark, to attempt the diſcovery of a north-eaſt paſſage to China. He wintered on the ſhore of Hudſon's Bay; and relates that the cold was ſo intenſe, that neither beer, wine, nor brandy could reſiſt it; but were frozen up, and the veſſels which contained them were ſplit into pieces: and that, before they could uſe the liquors, they were obliged to hew them with hatchets, and diſſolve them by fire. The claſſical reader will recollect Virgil's deſcription of a Scythian winter:

——cæduntque ſecuribus humida vina.

With ſhock of floating iſles and driving cliffs
Rear'd in pellucid adamant, thy crew
Liſtening the craſh their wintry dwelling raiſed;
Nor juice of grape by ſouthern ſuns matured,
Nor fierce Geneva with internal fire
Ardent the petrifying blaſt withſtood.
The expanding veſſel roar'd. Protruded pale
From the ſtaved ends the pillar'd ice amazed
The thirſty mariners. The glaſſy draught
Eager they hew with axes, cruſh with bars,
Shiver with hammers, and o'er piny boughs
Heap'd high the fragments in the caldron pile.
Quick moves the hand, the labouring bellows pant;
The cheer'd flame glows beneath the brazen cave;
On its hot ſides the round drops hiſs; the flood
Slow-riſing ſimmers; o'er the ſinking maſs
Throng'd in cloſe circle gleaming faces hang,
And half devour it with impatient eyes.
Through Winter's ſylvan realms in devious courſe
Thus rove our ſteps. We linger, pleaſed to note
His mein peculiar. Deem we then the face
Of changeful ſeaſons varied but to charm
The gazing eye, and ſoothe the vacant mind?
Say, is not Nature's ample tome diſplay'd,
Even to the careleſs wanderer in the field,
With loftier purpoſe? Wiſdom's dictates pure,

Themes of momentous import, character'd
By more than human finger, every page
Diſcloſes. He, who form'd this beauteous globe
So fair, amid her brighteſt ſcenes hath hung
Fit emblems of a periſhable world;
And graved on tablets he that runs may read
Your fickle date, ye ſublunary joys.
The buds doth Spring unfold, and, thick as dew
Spangling the graſs, the purple bloom diffuſe?
Comes a chill blight, and bids the ſanguine youth
Read in its ravages a lore that tells
Of fruſtrate plans, and hope indulged in vain.
Do Summer ſuns the mead with herbage load,
And tinge the ripening year? With ſudden rage
The thunderſtorm deſcends: the river ſwells
Impatient, leaps the mound; and, while the waves
Devour the promiſed harveſt, calls on Thee,
O Man, to tremble for thy daily bread.
The faded leaves doth Autumn ſcatter wide;
Or Winter rend the deſolated boughs,
And lay the fathers of the foreſt low?
Child of the duſt, attend! To thee they cry,
Each from his whirlwind, "Earth is not thy home."
They bid thee ſeek, nor hopeleſs deem the toil,
While ſtrength Divine thy conſcious weakneſs aids,
A more enduring dwelling-place; the joys

Unutterable, which nor eye hath ſeen,
Nor ear hath heard, nor heart of man * conceived;
Joys which in worlds to holy peace conſign'd,
Empyreal realms, Omnipotence prepares
For thoſe who love their God: joys then to ope
Their ſtores, when from the Judge's face, as dew
Shrinks from the ſun, this earth, theſe heavens, are fled †;
And all the palm-crown'd ſons of holineſs,
With garments waſh'd in their Redeemer's blood ‡,
Shout their hoſannas round his throne; and, join'd
With angels, and to angels equal made,
Bathe in the fount of ever-during bliſs.

Do Seaſons teach in vain? Doth Nature's voice
Sound in dull ears? Has Truth, diſcloſed from heaven,
With fruitleſs beams on Nature's volume pour'd
New radiance; and her ſacred ſhafts beheld
Bound unimpreſſive from the callous heart?
Tremble, inſenſate triflers! Tremble, mourn,
O race obdurate! Ye that ſlight the love,
That mock the vengeance of eternal Power:
Love, on whoſe wonders raptured Angels gaze;
Vengeance, in flames to ſhuddering Fiends reveal'd!
What yet remains? The hour, that ends the joys

* 1 Cor. ii. 9. † Rev. xx. 11. ‡ Rev. vii. 14.

And wakes the throbs of guilt; the hour, that cries,
"Trial is paſt, and Judgement reigns;" the hour,
That bids accuſing Memory barb her darts;
That brings the fruitleſs ſigh, the conſcious pang,
Of ruin ſelf-induced, and mercy loſt
For ever, the blank horrors of deſpair!
So, warn'd of God, from cities long grown deaf
To ſacred exhortation to the depth
Of mountain woods his ſons the Patriarch led.
There with long-drawn and wide-extended line
He ſtretch'd the mighty keel and curved the ribs
Of that capacious veſſel, doom'd to ſave
The wrecks of nature. Oft would gathering crowds
With ſtupid gaze the growing fabric watch,
Or point the taunting finger. He meanwhile,
Year after year, untired the taſk purſued;
Till wonder ceaſed to mark his toil, nor ſcorn
Deign'd to deride him more. One morn, the heavens
Grew dark with wings; earth with unnumber'd ſteps
Sounded; bird, beaſt, in long proceſſion ſought
Their deſtined refuge. With his kindred train
The builder next aſcended. From the gloom
Of congregating clouds put forth, a Hand *

* "They went in unto Noah into the ark—and the Lord ſhut "him in." Gen. vii. 15, 16.

The entrance cloſed. Then darkneſs cover'd all,
Deathlike, unſunn'd, as though primeval night
Reſumed her empire. Torrents from the ſkies
Plunged prone in ſolid downfall. Earth her depths
Burſt. Thronging on the ſummits of the hills,
As ſeamen crowded on the mainmaſt's top
While at each billow deeper ſinks the ſhip
And deeper, nations their deſpairing eyes
Roll'd round; from every ſurge in leſſening orb
Shrunk; their wild arms uplifted; ſtretch'd their necks
Above the riſing waves, and ſhriek'd their laſt.
Father of earth and heaven, Almighty Lord,
Whoſe ſpan confines infinity *, whoſe eye
Surveys eternal ages at a glance;
How long, in crowding millions round thy throne
On balanced wings while ſpirits pure thy nod
Await, in bliſs moſt bleſſed when Thou deign'ſt
To ſpeak thy mandate, and their ſervice uſe;
How long ſhall man with cold reluctant heart
Ponder the truths thy word, thy works, declare?
Yet here, even here, in this apoſtate vale
Still Thou haſt many ſervants. But afar
From thy abode the vain, the ſelfiſh throng

* ——wild uproar
Stood ruled, ſtood vaſt Infinitude confined. MILTON.

On Folly's glittering ſtream ſecurely floats,
Or toils through ſtorms for honour, power, or gold.
Thou art not in their thoughts, nor in their ways.
This to his pleaſure turns, this to his farm,
That to his merchandiſe. The globe rolls round;
And ſtill another and another Spring
Beholds the chaſers urge the blind purſuit,
Nearer, yet nearer, to the gloom that hangs
In miſty volumes on the horizon's verge,
And hides the gulf wide-yawning for its prey.
Meanwhile they feaſt, they dance; the jocund harp
Rings at their board; the viol, tabret, horn,
And lute ſymphonious to the choral lay,
Pour the full tide of harmony: but Thee
They ſlight, nor mark the wonders of thy hand!
Yet name they not their God?—What name they more?
Thy holy name the town, the country hears
In ceaſeleſs repetition; day and night,
Buſineſs and leiſure, indigence and wealth,
All hours, all places hear thy holy name.
Strange to the heart, why dwells it on the tongue?
To round a period with ſonorous cloſe;
To court the fool's applauſe by daring Thee;
To tell the paſſing impulſe of ſurpriſe:
To vent the fumes of diſappointed hope;
To ſilence doubt, that ſcans the uncertain tale;

To ſwell the evening roar of impious mirth,
When wine unchains the proud blaſphemer's joy;
To arm the curſe that for a word, a look,
To realms of endleſs woe a brother hurls,
Stamp'd with thy image, nurtured by thy love.
Father of all, yet ſpare! Thine arm extend
In mercy, not in judgement: looſe the bonds
Thou only canſt unlock, bonds firm as links
Of adamant, that gird the ſlaves of guilt.
Pierce the deaf ear, the ſightleſs eyeball cleanſe,
The dull mind quicken, melt the obdurate heart,
Teach the awaken'd ſoul with kindling joy
In all that air and earth and ſea diſplay,
Through each returning ſeaſon, to behold
Thee, the great Author: mid the changing ſcenes
And varying cares of life bid her on Thee
Fix her ſupreme regard, thy will explore,
Revere thy counſels, thy beheſts obey!

THE END.

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